

ANOTHER SPECIAL BEAUTY NUMBER TO-MORROW

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

20
PAGES

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1923

One Penny.

CHILDREN CHEER THE PRINCE AT BIRMINGHAM



Great cheers from a tall bank of children greeted the Prince of Wales' arrival at Birmingham Town Hall.



The Prince speaking after laying the foundation stone of a memorial hall.

A tremendous welcome was given the Prince of Wales at Birmingham Town Hall yesterday when he arrived there to receive a formal address. A great crowd of school children in a huge stand cheered him to the echo. The Prince drove in from Bishopscroft, where



The Prince with the Lord Mayor and Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey.

he had spent the night as the guest of the Bishop of Birmingham and afterwards he opened the new power station at Nechells and visited the works at Fort Dunlop of the Dunlop Company, where he inspected ex-Service men.

£1,200 CAR THAT VANISHED.

Driver's Story of 'Drowsiness' While at Wheel.

"KIDNAPPED."

Strange Awakening Hours Later to Find Motor Gone.

How the chauffeur of a £1,200 motor-car became drowsy, was lifted from the wheel, and woke up to find his car and his fares gone, was one of the incidents described to Mr. Francis, the Westminster magistrate, yesterday, when Charles Arthur Hellier, aged twenty-two, and Guy Hart, aged nineteen, were again in the dock.

They are accused of stealing the car, which they hired from a London firm. It was found after having covered a distance of 450 miles.

There were additional charges yesterday of forgery, theft of cheques, and of a trunk containing articles worth £150.

Hart was also accused of obtaining three Bank of England notes for £100 each by means of a forged promissory note for £450. They were again remanded.

CHAUFFEUR'S SURPRISE.

Awakened in Garage After Losing Control of His Car.

Henry Glibbery, a chauffeur, told how he drove Hellier, who described himself as "a son of Lord St. Hellier," Hart and two women to Welwyn. The car had been hired from Harrods, Ltd. At Welwyn they persuaded him to have a whisky and soda with them, the only intoxicating drink he had.

"I had only got about eight miles from London when I came over drowsy," he said, "but I kept hold of the steering wheel for a time."

"Then I collapsed, and I recollect Hart taking the wheel and bringing the car to a halt. I have also a faint recollection of being put inside the car by Hellier and Hart."

Mr. Conway: And when you woke up?—The next thing I remember was finding myself in a garage at Cambridge about eleven o'clock at night.

Mr. Conway: What time did you leave Welwyn?—About six o'clock.

Mr. Conway, prosecuting, said that after the chauffeur returned to London a message was received from somebody speaking for a "Captain Helliers," stating that the car was in White's Garage, near London.

By this time, continued Mr. Conway, the police had been informed of the affair by Messrs. Harrods, and he said to Messrs. Harrods, "Your man got so drunk that we had to drive the car ourselves."

He was asked where the car was, and remarked that it had been taken back to Messrs. Harrods.

Later he stated: "You had better be careful; my father will make you pay for this."

TRIUMPH FOR DUSE.

Fine Acting in Ibsen's "Ghosts" at New Oxford Theatre.

"Ghosts," given at the New Oxford Theatre yesterday afternoon, is a play better adapted for the display of Eleonora Duse's art than "The Lady of the Sea." It is a pity she did not begin her season in London with it.

For here she is a woman of advanced years, a mother, and her tenderness and pathos show themselves to perfection in this study of the afflicted woman whose only son is the victim of an hereditary taint.

Two great moments stand out in a supremely moving performance. The first was when the old-fashioned Pastor Manders reproaches Mrs. Alving for having sent her son away from home. Here Duse showed, with beautiful subtlety, the mingled self-reproach and resignation of a woman whom Fate has forced to part with her boy—for his own good.

Then, at the end, came the still greater moment when Mrs. Alving is faced by Oswald's final collapse, and can do nothing but cry out his name, and try in vain to call his lost mind back to her, as she bends over him and caresses him in her despair.

An immense audience called the great actress again and again before the curtain after this scene.

DIED WHILE DRIVING CAR.

Death from natural causes was the Home insect verdict on William Thomas Angus, a Stock Exchange jobber, who died while driving his motor-car on Sunday.

Angus had suffered from heart trouble, and a doctor had expressed the opinion that he was not fit to drive a motor-car.

BIG BEN'S PRANK.

Famous Clock That Cruelly Deceived Thousands.

SHOCK FOR AGED CLERK.

Only a week or two ago Big Ben stopped, and again yesterday it ceased to record the time at 8.16 a.m.

It was, therefore, very natural that those who pass it regularly on their way to work were cruelly deceived. One of these, an aged clerk in Whitehall, whose punctuality was a byword in bureau-hall circles, is now suffering severely from shock, and his friends hold out little hope of his recovery.

On arriving at Westminster yesterday morning he was greatly surprised to find that Big Ben registered 8.16 while his own watch was seven minutes to nine.

He violently shook his valuable timepiece, turned its hands back, dropped it, smashed it to atoms and stood crying outside the tube station till a policeman moved him on. Then he walked along the Embankment to Charing Cross, and returned to find that it was still 8.16 a.m. by Big Ben.

The clock's prank is attributed to the sudden advent of summer weather, and it is expected that it will be registering the correct time again shortly.

PETS AT CARNIVAL.

Pip, Squeak and Wilfred at To-day's Opening of Brighton Revels.

To-day King Carnival enters Brighton to open the four days' festivities. Pip, Squeak and Wilfred, *The Daily Mirror* Pets, are taking part in the revelry. This morning at eleven o'clock they will appear on the front, west of the West pier.

At two o'clock the Pets will attend a matinee to 3,000 of Brighton's poorest children, at the Grand Theatre, where a special programme has been arranged.

To-morrow the Pets will take part in the procession in their decorated car.

ESCORT AMBUSHED.

Two of Sir Herbert Samuel's Guard Shot Dead in Palestine.

A party of British gendarmes which had been escorting Sir Herbert Samuel, British High Commissioner in Palestine, to Muttaleh, was returning by motor-car after dusk when it was suddenly attacked by brigands near Wady Hindai, near the border of Palestine.

The brigands, says Reuter, fired a volley into the car, killing two of the detachment and wounding three others.

The War Office yesterday stated that no fears are entertained as to the safety of Sir Herbert.

SHOT TAXI-DRIVER.

"Murder" Verdict at Inquest on Victim of Brixton Tragedy.

Wilful Murder against Alexander Campbell Mason was the verdict at yesterday's inquest on Jacob Dickey, the taxicab driver who was shot at Brixton on May 9.

Jessie Moore Finlay, a milliner, of Santley-road, said she heard two revolver shots in Bayre-road, and saw two men struggle. One called out twice: "Stop him! He is killing me!" and the other then ran away.

George Vivian, of Charlwood-road, Pimlico, identified a walking-stick, glove and jemmy found in Bayre-road, as his property and said that Mason took them with him on May 9, saying he must make some money. On the previous day Mason said he had a good mind to take out a taxi-driver and get his money. Witness told him not to be a fool.

Mason, witness added, loaded a revolver with ammunition from a match-box.

MECHANICAL "BOOKIE."

Stadium Club Contrivance Which Registers Bets by Electricity.

"Betting without gambling" is the motto of London's first "mechanical bookie," which began operations yesterday at the Stadium Club, Holborn.

The club, which has a large membership of business men, is devoted to sport on purely amateur lines. No one connected with professional sport is admitted to membership.

The "mechanical bookie" is a huge electrical contrivance which entirely eliminates the human element from betting.

Members simply hand in vouchers for their bets, and the operating electric touch-board which instantly registers the number of units on any horse. There is no secrecy, as in the Continental Pari-Mutuel. It is an open "members' pool."

The machine, which is the first of its kind in Europe, has been imported from Australia. It has cost several thousands of pounds, and in most cases yesterday it returned far better odds than would have been obtainable on the course.

ROSE-DECKED NATION

Queen Alexandra's Day for Helping Hospitals.

FLOWER GIRLS' AIR TRIPS.

All Britain will burst into bloom to-day in celebration of Queen Alexandra's Rose Day in aid of our hospitals, for millions of the famous pink roses, which will always be associated with her name, were dispatched to all parts of the country yesterday.

This year is the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Alexandra's landing on these shores as the bride-elect of the then future King, and as has been the case since she instituted "Rose Day" twelve years ago, all the roses have been made by crinolines.

One great object of the organisers is to raise an extra £1,000 each year. It is hoped to raise £60,000 in London alone—£1,000 for each year of her Majesty's residence in this country.

This year the famous pink emblem will also be sold on the Continent—in Amsterdam by Miss Aurilio Lee, the actress, and her sister; in Paris by Miss Joan and Miss Betty Treble, and in Cologne by Miss Lucy Gibson and Miss Norah Mahon.

Many of them left London by air yesterday and arrived safely during the afternoon.

Another feature of to-day's celebrations will be 5 a.m. raids on the London markets—Covett Garden, Billingsgate and Leadenhall. Queen Alexandra will make her customary drive through London, leaving Marlborough House at three in the afternoon.

PEARL SHELL ON SKULL.

Grim Relic of Island Massacre of Missionaries Shown in London.

Adorned with pearl shell and decorated by native art, the skull of a native missionary murdered in the Solomon Islands (Pacific Ocean) in 1893 was a grim relic shown to members of the Royal Anthropological Institute last night by the Rev. W. H. Leembruken, an Australian missionary, who has lived among the islanders of New Georgia.

Mr. Leembruken said that the skull was given to him in 1917 by the murderer, a chief named Bela Bangara, who had become a Christian. The unfortunate missionary was one of seven massacred on an island.

CROYDON'S PORT SAID.

Sir W. S. Branker Says Aerodrome Looks Like Mining Camp.

"London is the worst place geographically and climatically in the world and a decent aerodrome near the centre of population," said Major-General Sir W. Sefton Branker yesterday in opening a new restaurant and tea room at Croydon Aerodrome.

"Croydon will last until we can build a roof over Waterloo Station and have an aerodrome in London."

Croydon Aerodrome looks like either a mining camp or the lowest respectable quarter of Port Said, instead of the premier air station. "I am ashamed of it, and when the aerodrome is reconstructed I hope that this building we are opening to-day will be the only one left."

BODY IN MITCHAM POND

Foul Play at First Suspected—Theory Now Suicide.

The dead body of a man was found floating in the Three Kings Pond at Mitcham yesterday.

It bore marks which at first seemed to suggest foul play, but later a medical examination tended to show that the marks were in all probability caused by exposure and mortification.

The police theory is now suicide.

On the body two letters were found, addressed to S. Quarrington, one bearing an address at Lockington-street, Battersea, and the other The Manor Arms, Clapham.

WATCH ON HONOURS.

Committee of Three Appointed to Report to Premier.

Three Privy Counsellors, Viscount Ullswater (chairman), Lord Midway and Sir Evelyn Cecil, have been appointed as a Committee to serve for the period of the duration of office of the Government, to report to the Prime Minister, in accordance with the recommendation of the Royal Commission on Honours.

Lord Ullswater was chairman of the last Committee, has been prevented by illness from continuing to serve.

PICKPOCKET'S WIFE HELPED.

After giving evidence which led to a professional pickpocket being sent to prison for eighteen months, Inspector Gillan, at the Old Bailey yesterday, took a collection for the prisoner's wife, "a most respectable woman." It realised £5 10s.

PIT MYSTERY—MURDER VERDICT.

Man Charged with Killing Woman and Children.

INQUEST SENSATION

Crowd's Rush for Accused as He Reaches Court.

Sensation follows sensation in the pit-shaft mystery at Glossop.

Albert Edward Burrows, sixty-two, was accused by a witness at the inquest on Hannah Calladine and her two children of making an astounding statement.

"When I have said my time I will get this woman. I will either do her in or put her down a pit-shaft," was alleged to be the statement made by Burrows, according to Robert Mellor, who said he overheard him say that to his (Mellor's) brother when both were in custody.

A verdict of Wilful murder of the woman and her children was returned against Burrows.

SCENE IN COURT.

Accused Man Jumps Up and Says Witness "Tells Nothing but Lies."

The utmost precaution was taken to guard Albert Edward Burrows when he arrived at Glossop yesterday. He was escorted by a police force to the resumed inquest on Hannah Calladine and her two young children.

The increased hostility on part of the crowd made it necessary for the presence of a very strong guard of police at the station exit.

The crowd made a wild rush for the car in which Burrows was in, and there was vigorous hooting.

Mrs. Margaret Ann Street stated that on the day of court proceedings against Burrows by his wife she saw Burrows at about 6.30 in the morning going down a lane which leads to Simmondley, holding by the hand a little girl. About 9.30 she saw Burrows coming back alone. Four or five days afterwards Burrows saw her and said: "Nan's got a good shop in Bacon-place with a relative of mine. We've got the children in a good home."

Burrows put many questions to Mrs. Street as to times and remarks, and somewhat indignantly resumed his seat, exclaimed: "You want to put yourself together. You are not worth bothering with."

WOMAN'S CLOTHING SOLD.

How Burrows disposed of a parcel of woman's clothing was related by the purchaser, William Cartwright, of Kershaw-street, who said prisoner told him they were from his sister.

On the following day Cartwright bought from Burrows for 6s. a newly-soiled and heeled pair of woman's boots, but declined to buy a well-worn pair of girl's boots, which Burrows also offered for sale.

When Robert Mellor gave his remarkable evidence regarding Burrows' statement at the police station Burrows, jumping up, said: "I want a private conversation with the Chief Constable, and Inspector Chadwick."

At once a hush fell on the court. Mr. Wilkie said it was rather a remarkable and unusual request.

Burrows added: "Take notice of every word that man has said."

Mellor (heatedly): It is all true. Burrows: That man Mellor tells nothing but lies. It is a wicked man. He does not drop down dead. He was never there at all.

The jury brought in a verdict of Wilful Murder against Burrows in the case of Hannah Calladine, Elsie Large and Albert Edward Burrows. Immediate arrest was made by the police, who brought up at the police court, charged with the crime and remanded.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Weather Forecast.—Unsettled in the west and north. Uncertain in the south. Lighting-up time, 10.15 p.m.

Richmond Horse Show.—The Duke and Duchess of York visit Richmond Horse Show at 5 p.m. to-morrow, the opening day.

Two Perish in Fire.—Annie Cartwright and her son Willie (seventeen) were yesterday suffocated by a fire which destroyed their cottage at Scholes, Yorkshire.

Women Constables.—Lady Eve stated at the L.C.C. yesterday that the Parks Committee was considering the desirability of appointing women constables for the parks.

Thirteen Killed in Typhoon.—Thirteen persons have been killed and seven towns partly wrecked during a typhoon on the island of Samar (on a private communication), says Reuter.

Cupid's Messenger.—That he was delivering letters for a friend was the plea of George Draisey, twenty-seven, who was found in a flat, and was sentenced at London Sessions yesterday to nine months.

Calcutta Sweep Winner.—Major Poole, of Windsor, had received a cable from an son, Captain Anthony Poole, of Zanzibar, confirming the report that he is the winner of the Calcutta Derby Sweepstake.

New Lieutenant of Tower.—General Sir F. J. Pries has been appointed lieutenant of the Tower of London, in succession to General Sir G. F. Milne, who has been appointed Commander-in-Chief, Eastern Command.

SOVIET'S CLIMB DOWN—BRITISH DEMANDS CONCEDED

Reply from Moscow Creates Favourable Impression—Dispute Practically at End.

TRADE PACT TO STAND IF PROMISES KEPT

Undertaking to Cease Soviet Propaganda in East—Compensation Claims Agreed to.

Russia's reply to the British memorandum, issued yesterday, is generally regarded as satisfying our demands.

The Soviet Government agrees to pay the sums fixed as compensation to Mrs. Stan Harding and Mrs. Davison; accepts the trade agreement regarding propaganda; and is ready if necessary to recall its envoys at Kabul and Teheran. Continuance of negotiations on points still at issue is requested. Satisfaction is expressed at the removal of difficulties in regard to fisheries and British trawlers.

The British reply is being prepared. There will be no question of cancelling the trading agreement if Russia carries out its undertakings.

CONCILIATORY TONE OF HOPE OF ALLIED UNITY RUSSIAN NOTE. NOT ABANDONED.

Plea for Negotiations on Paris Terms for Accepting Points Still at Issue.

PREPARING BRITISH REPLY.

The Soviet Government, in its reply, expresses entire satisfaction that the difficulties connected with the British intercession on behalf of Catholic clergymen, the compensation in respect of Mrs. Stan Harding (the journalist imprisoned by Bolsheviks) and Mr. Davison; and the question of fisheries and British trawlers have been removed.

Russia is ready to meet British views regarding method of provisional settlement of the fishing dispute and will not insist on a convention, but will admit that an exchange of Notes is sufficient.

It will also pay the sums fixed by Britain with regard to Mrs. Davison and Mrs. Stan Harding (£10,000 for the widow of Mr. Davison, and £3,000 for Mrs. Harding, are the amounts unofficially mentioned.)

READY TO RECALL ENVOYS.

In regard to propaganda, Russia is ready to accept the enlarged text of the declaration in the trade agreement respecting non-interference as a basis of mutual understanding. It requires a clearer definition of the nature of the reciprocity to make it evident that no assistance shall be given to hostile designs against Russia and her Allies.

As to the demand for the recall of responsible Soviet representatives, there must be reciprocity in this matter.

But if, as a result of negotiations or verification, it be found necessary to recall the Russian representatives at Kabul and Teheran (MM. Raskolnikov and Shumitsky), the Soviet Government would not hesitate to do so in order to maintain and develop friendly relations.

Readiness to compensate the losses of British citizens on a basis of full and effective reciprocity is expressed.

The Note asks that Britain will negotiate on various questions still at issue.

TRIUMPH FOR LORD CURZON.

Britain's reply to the Note is in course of preparation, and, it is expected, will end the exchange of views on all questions. It now remains for the Moscow Government to give evidence of their intention to abide by the terms of their Note.

The negotiations have ended satisfactorily in all respects from the British point of view, and the result is regarded as a personal achievement in diplomacy by Marquis Curzon.

LABOUR M.P. REBUKED.

Mr. Kirkwood's Indignation on the Question of Scottish Fishermen.

Mr. Kirkwood (Labour) asked in the Commons yesterday whether Captain Elliot was not aware that the majority of the Scottish fishermen went to the war and during their absence their fishing boats were destroyed. Now they had no boats they could not earn a living.

"Surely," he indignantly exclaimed to Captain Elliot, "you can answer a question like that? This is a question for Scotland," continued Mr. Kirkwood, "and I don't care whether I am out of order. Something has got to be done."

The Speaker rose to rebuke the hon. gentleman, but Mr. Kirkwood remained standing until convinced by the House around him that he must resume his seat when the Speaker was standing.

The Speaker reminded Mr. Kirkwood that he must take his seat when the Speaker rose. He then advised the hon. member to put a further question on the notice paper. The incident then closed.

There was a pause yesterday in the efforts to re-establish Allied unity in dealing with the German reparations offer.

The position is regarded as difficult, but the atmosphere of negotiation is friendly, and hope of agreement between Great Britain and France, which will enable a joint Note to be sent to Germany, is by no means abandoned. The British Government still have under consideration the representations made through the French Ambassador on Monday.

It cannot at present be indicated what their attitude is likely to be to the suggestion that they should urge Germany to cease her resistance in the Ruhr.

OBJECTION TO EXPERTS.

It seems doubtful whether the French Government will accept the British proposal to consider the German offer as a basis of discussion between the Allies unless Germany gives up passive resistance, states a Reuter Paris message.

The proposal for a meeting of a Commission of Experts does not seem to be received with any more favour. Such a conference, it is felt, could only result in a new declaration of the difference between the British and French standpoints with regard to Germany's capacity for payment and the means to be employed to force her to fulfil her obligations.

In Brussels official circles the impression prevails that the decision of the British Cabinet has brought about a disillusionment, states the Express.

It is thought that any question of a common reply to Germany is impossible, seeing that Great Britain has refused to associate herself with the demand for the cessation of passive resistance.

Lord Curzon received the Belgian Ambassador at the Foreign Office yesterday.

CUNO FANS RESISTANCE.

German Chancellor Says It Is the People's Will.

The German Chancellor, Dr. Cuno, in a speech at Karlsruhe, referred to the occupation of the Ruhr says Reuter, and declared that passive resistance there, once begun, must be carried through.

"The initiative for that resistance," he said, "came from the populace, and we do not want an abrupt cessation of it. We want a just issue. The Government and the Reichstag parties recognise that there can be no compromise on the question of the future of the border provinces of the Reich."

Dr. Cuno said that there was a desire on the other side to separate these border provinces from the Reich.

AIR PICTURE OF TRAFFIC.

Viscount Curzon suggested in Parliament yesterday that an aerial photographic record should be taken of the traffic conditions in London.

Colonel Ashley replied that he regarded the census as the best method of arriving at traffic conditions.

KILLED BY CRICKET ROLLER.

After moving with other boys a two-ton roller from the cricket pitch, a thirteen-year-old Sheffield boy named Joe Burton was killed yesterday on Shizgreen cricket ground, Sheffield. While taking the roller down a slope in the ground Burton fell under the roller and was crushed to death.



Mrs. Stan Harding, whom the Soviet Government has agreed to compensate for her imprisonment by them.



Mr. Neil McLean, M.P., a Labour Party Whip, who has been sent up by the British Government to the station to meet the Soviet representative.

SILVER BRIDE MARRIED TO PIPERS' TUNES.

Pretty Wedding of the Hon. Diamond Hardinge.

GIFTS FROM THE KING.

One of the prettiest weddings of the season was that of the Hon. Diamond Hardinge, daughter of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst (formerly British Ambassador at Paris), and Captain Robert Abercromby, M.C., Scots Guards, yesterday.

Pipers of the Scots Guards, a guard of honour from the bridegroom's company and a procession of blue and white bridesmaids attended at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks.

Miss Hardinge wore a robe of silver brocade, the plain silver train lined with delphinium-blue chiffon, which exactly matched the pages' Romney suits, and the sheaves of delphiniums carried by the six bridesmaids.

They were Lady Violet Baring, with Miss Jean Kemble, Lady Katharine Hamilton, the Hon. Ruby Hardinge, Lady Barbara Bingham and Miss Evelyn Cote. Dresses of white crepe and lace with rosettes and sash ends at one side and lace collars.

Sir George Abercromby, Bart., was his brother's best man.

The King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria and Lady Patricia Kemsay had sent jewels as wedding gifts to the bride.

LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE.

The King and Queen Give Her Necklace as Wedding Gift.

The King and Queen have given their niece, Lady Mary Cambridge, a diamond necklace as her wedding gift, and to the bridegroom, the Marquis of Worcester, they have sent a pair of enamel and diamond links.

The Marquis of Cambridge will give his daughter away to-morrow at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, and, as there will be no reception on account of the Court mourning, the ceremony takes place at eleven o'clock.

Lady Mary Cambridge, who has been spending the few hours she has had in London shopping and being fitted, will have a lace train and veil with her silver and white wedding dress.

Her six bridesmaids will be dressed in shaded rose petal frocks with gold net caps. Lord Lonsdale is lending Lowther Castle for the honeymoon.

Lord Tweedmouth's Daughter Weds.—Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Tweedmouth gave away his daughter, the Hon. Moyra Marjoribanks, at her marriage yesterday at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, to Captain K. Heyworth, Royal Dragoons.

The bride, in silver brocade, was followed by six maids in yellow organdie frocks.

16 SHOT IN GAOL REVOLT.

Troops Fire on Escaping Prisoners—Native Plot Foiled.

Sixteen natives were killed and many others wounded when prisoners in a gaol at Jaora, in the Indore State, revolted. There were forty-five Bhils in the gaol undergoing sentences for a dacoity, states an Exchange Bombay message. A revolt was planned inside the building simultaneously with an attack by friendly Bhils outside, and the guards were overpowered.

Telephone wires were cut and the prisoners escaped, but troops arrived and fired on them, hardly any escaping unhurt.

FATHER AND SON DROWNED.

Two men named Burns, father and son, of Marsden, South Shields, were drowned near their home through the capsizing of a boat in which they had been fishing.

CAT GIVES FIRE ALARM.

Awakened by the meowing of a cat, a labourer named Edgley, at Ramsey St. Mary, Hunts, found his house in flames, and he and his wife had barely time to escape.

PRINCE'S 12-HOUR DAY IN MIDLANDS.

Speeches, Sightseeing and Official Functions.

AMONG THE WORKERS.

Triumphal Progress Through Crowded Streets.

For twelve hours without a break the Prince of Wales took part in public functions in Birmingham yesterday, and made speech after speech.

As before, his progress was little less than a triumphal procession. Dense, cheering crowds lined the streets, and at the works he visited the enthusiasm was intense.

The Prince had asked that no public money be spent on decorations in his honour, but private aid had supplied all the flags and bunting necessary, so that the streets were bright with colour.

After the official reception at the town hall the Prince was driven to the new power station at Neechells, where he officially declared the building open, and, by pressing a button started one of the huge turbo-alternator sets.

He accepted as a souvenir a beautifully-made silver model of the alternator, and also unveiled a bronze plaque commemorating the occasion.

The Prince then drove to Fort Dunlop, where he inspected the ex-Servicemen.

A drive followed through densely-crowded streets, and at the corner of Broad-street the Prince laid the foundation-stone of the Hall of Memory to commemorate the sacrifices made by Birmingham men in the Great War.

After luncheon the Prince drove to Handsworth Park, where there was an inspection of boy scouts and girl guides.

From there he visited the General Electricity Works at Edgbaston, where there was another gathering of ex-Servicemen, and then to the Government Instructional Factory in Garrison-lane, and afterwards to the Birmingham Small Arms Factory, where he took tea.

KING INSPECTS A FLAT.

Keen Interest During Royal Visit to Ilford—Tea in Empty House.

Ilford and Barking and the London County Council's new housing estate, Becontree, were "en fête" for the visit of the King and Queen yesterday.

A pavilion had been erected on the estate for the reception of the royal party, but before entering it the Queen accepted a bouquet from little Rose Winifred Miles, a daughter of the first tenant on the estate.

About half-way through the tour their Majesties were entertained to tea in an empty house. Noticing one of the residents, Mrs. Minns, trying to take a photograph of him, the King beckoned to her and said: "You want a photograph. Very well, then." He took his stand with the Queen where Mrs. Minns could get the best photograph.

The King and Queen drove round the Ilford section of the estate, stopping to inspect a number of cottages and flats.

"The liberal planning of the estate, with its gardens and open spaces," said the King in his address, "is proof of the progress made in recent years towards a solution of the housing problem."

CHILD'S OWN THANKS.

Little Mary's Speech to Princess Mary, Who Sent Her a Toy in Hospital.

When Princess Mary arrived at a garden-party in the grounds of the West End Hospital for Nervous Diseases yesterday eight-year-old Margaret Smollets, of Torquay, was given a bouquet to present.

Margaret, however, remembered that a toy she had received was a present to the hospital from the Princess, and she added a little speech of her own as thanks, to which Princess Mary listened with obvious delight.

LADY COWANS' PENSION.

M.P.'s Questions—Home Secretary Against "Compassionate Fund."

The straitened circumstances of Lady Cowans, widow of the Quartermaster-General during the war, were referred to in the House of Commons yesterday.

Mr. Bridgeman, the Home Secretary, in reply to questions, said that Lady Cowans was in receipt of the pension to which she was entitled under the Army Regulations, and she had also been offered, but had declined, a Civil List pension.

It was not considered desirable, he added, to set up a charitable compassionate fund for such cases.

Lady Cowans' pension is £225 per year. The civil pension offered was one of £100, which she declined, as an "insult." She was recently forced to sell her husband's medals.

£3,000 for 2/6

GREAT POSTER BALLOT

HELD TO BE LEGAL

Last Days



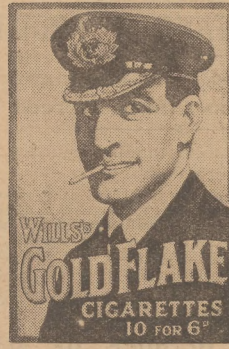
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VOTING COUPON

I hereby enter for the Great Poster Ballot and agree to the rules thereof. I select the 10 posters which I consider the most attractive in the following order of merit:

FIRST
SECOND
THIRD
FOURTH
FIFTH
SIXTH
SEVENTH
EIGHTH
NINTH
TENTH

Fill in Numbers of Posters in this Column.

(Fill in your Name and Address in plain block letters in ink.)

Name in full

Mr., Mrs., or Miss

Address

Post the whole of the Coupon in (4d.) envelope to The Manager, Great Poster Ballot, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, together with remittance for 2/6. D.M.

CUT OUT THE WHOLE OF THIS COUPON ALONG WAVY LINE

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

Study carefully the 15 posters reproduced in miniature above. Decide which 10 you consider the most attractive. Beneath each poster you will find a number. PRINT the numbers of the posters which appeal to you most in their order of merit on the voting coupon which appears on the left hand side of this page. Fill in your name and address, cut out the voting coupon along the wavy line, and post to The Manager, Great Poster Ballot, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, together with remittance for 2/6. At the close of Ballot every vote will be counted by a leading firm of chartered accountants, and the Ballot decided in accordance with the votes of the majority.

**CLOSING SHORTLY
LAST DAYS.**

1st PRIZE £3,000
and Hundreds of Other Prizes from £1,000 to £1.

The whole of the Prize Money amounting to £5,000 has been deposited in the names of Trustees at our Bankers. The result of the Ballot will be announced in the Daily Press.

RULES AND CONDITIONS OF
GREAT POSTER BALLOT.

1.—The Organisers guarantee the distribution of Five Thousand Pounds in Cash Prizes among the successful Competitors.

2.—The Cash Prizes will be awarded to those Competitors who succeed in filling up their voting Coupons nearest in accord with the total votes polled in respect of the various Posters above.

3.—Every Coupon must show a selection of not less than ten posters or they will be considered invalid.

4.—All votes must be recorded in ink on the Voting Coupon, which must not be altered or mutilated in any way. Any number of Coupons can be sent in by the same competitor.

2/6 must be forwarded for each Coupon used.

5.—In the event of a tie or ties or any other question arising, any of the Prizes may be combined or divided proportionately between two or more Competitors, and the decision of the Firm of Chartered Accountants who will audit the votes will be absolutely final and must be considered legally binding in all respects.

6.—The Organisers will not be responsible for letters unstamped, or for the loss of same in the post or otherwise. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery.

This Ballot is organised and guaranteed by J. WEINER, LTD., the old-established Firm of Poster Printers, of 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

DARING POST OFFICE RAID

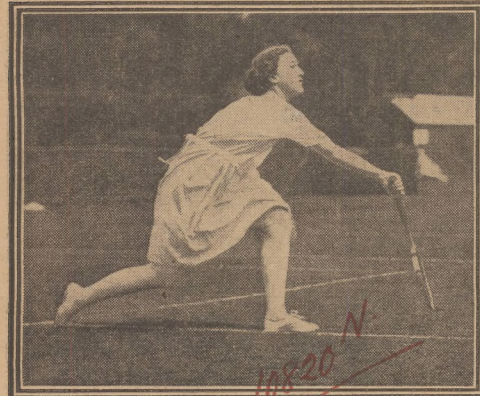


The post office in Hopwood-street, Liverpool, where two men demanded money from Miss Jenny Lovelady. She screamed and her brother, running to her aid, was shot in the stomach. Inset, James Cunliffe, who assisted in the arrest of a man.

LONDONERS WHO LOVE SUN



These two firm friends were as pleased as every other Londoner as they basked in yesterday's warm sunshine. Pussy laughingly confesses her delight and Towser more soberly agrees.



Miss D. Soames in her match with Mrs. Wimble.



Another snap of Miss Soames during the same set.

KENT CHAMPIONSHIPS.—In the Kent All-Comers' Championships at Beckenham Mrs. Wimble beat Miss Soames 6-4, 6-3.



BRIDE'S ONE LETTER CHANGE.—Major Athelstone Popkiss, of the Palestine Gendarmierie, and his bride, Miss Popkiss, leaving St. Mary's Church, Long Ditton.



BRAVE RESCUER.—Quartermaster-Sergeant R. Ball, Royal Irish Fusiliers who, at Dover, bravely rescued a man clinging to a capsized boat in the harbour. He swam out with a line.



MOTORIST DEAD.—Mr. William Wilson Douglas, a director of the famous motor firm and a successful racing rider, who has died. He was one of the experimenters who developed opposed twin-engines.

KEEPING NEURASTHENIA AT BAY ON HIS 100th BIRTHDAY

Wonderful Tribute to Mr. Eugen Sandow by Aged Patient.

VALUABLE HEALTH OFFER TO "DAILY MIRROR" READERS.

Entering upon his hundredth year, Mr. Bening Arnold celebrates his 100th birthday by playing a game of bowls on the Alum Chine Green at Bourne-mouth.

How hale and hearty Mr. Bening Arnold is at this high age may be judged from the accompanying photograph.

This wonderful state of health and vigour Mr. Bening Arnold attributes to the fact that when he first commenced to suffer neurasthenia some years ago he sought and followed the advice and aid of Mr. Eugen Sandow, the famous pioneer of Curing Illness Without Medicine.

Writing recently to Mr. Sandow, Mr. Bening Arnold says: "You may be interested to hear that though I am not far short of 100 I daily practise the exercises I learnt of you in St. James's-street, and thus keep Neurasthenia at bay."

Nor is this an isolated instance of the extraordinary success with which Mr. Sandow directs ailing and weak men and women of all ages from youth to 70, 80, 90 years and upwards to overcome all kinds of ill-health troubles.

To-day Mr. Eugen Sandow offers free particulars of the method which has worked such wonders for this 99-year-old patient to every out-of-health reader of "The Daily Mirror."

Whether your trouble is—

Neurasthenia	Lung or Chest Weakness
Indigestion	Lack of Vigour
Dyspepsia	Anemia
Liver Trouble	Sleeplessness
Constipation	Heart Weakness
Corporulence	Physical Defect, such as
Rheumatism or Gout	Spatial Curvature, Wry
or any other functional complaint,	Neck, etc.,

Mr. Eugen Sandow invites you, here and now, through the medium of this announcement in "The Daily Mirror," to write to him to-day on the Form below, and he will post to you, entirely free of charge or obligation, a copy of his little book in his famous Sandow's Health Library specially dealt with the cure of your own trouble.

Take little trouble and Mr. Sandow's little book of personal advice will tell you just how at small cost in either time or money you can secure Perfect Health.

Where you live makes no difference, as all can be done at home. Some of Mr. Sandow's patients have lived in the most remote parts of the world—but his method has restored them and is destined them in Perfect Condition.

The importance to all who are seeking a better health of taking immediate advantage of this opportunity will be more clearly recognised when it is stated that Mr. Sandow has been in the last 25 years CURED fewer than 200,000 sufferers (men, women and children).

From these complaints and "Truth" newspaper, after exhaustive investigation, certifies that "39 out of every 100 who consult Sandow are substantially benefited and 34 out of every 100 completely cured." Surely an unapproachable record.

More than 700 leading doctors recommend patients, and grateful testimony has been bestowed upon Mr. Sandow's wonderful health work by Kings, Queens, Statesmen, and Leaders of Scientific Research in all countries.

We, therefore, have no hesitation in advising readers of "The Daily Mirror" whose health is not all they desire to at once place themselves in communication with Mr. Eugen Sandow, who has recently been described as "The Wizard of Health," by a great physician whose name is a household word. Either call and see him personally, or write.

In the Matter of HEALTH there is

No Time like the Present, so send at once for the FREE BOOK on your complaint.

Please send me your book on..... My OCCUPATION is..... My AGE is.....

NAME..... (Please say Mr., Mrs., or Miss or Title)

ADDRESS..... To EUGEN SANDOW, 32, St. James's Street, Daily Mirror, 13/1023, LONDON, S.W.1.

Miss José Collins

is one of many famous people who appreciate Berkeley Easy Chair Comfort. She writes as follows—

"I really must tell you how delighted I am with my beautiful Berkeley Easy Chair. I did not imagine that such a big, comfy, cozy chair could be made for the price."—JOSE COLLINS

The Berkeley

HAS THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY EASY CHAIR IN THE WORLD. This famous chair has created a new standard of value and combines comfort with the greatest durability. It has the depth of springing, the expert designing, the luxurious comfort and fine workmanship of much more expensive chairs.

CASH PRICE £4:10:0 or 15/- with order and 5 payments of 16/- monthly.

Free delivery in England and Wales (Scotland 6/- extra). If upon examination the Berkeley is not completely satisfactory you may return it within seven days AT OUR EXPENSE AND WE WILL REFUND YOUR MONEY IN FULL.

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LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI—To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Wed. Sat. 2.30. BATTLED BUTLER. Jack Buchanan. Last Week.

ALDWYCH—To-day, at 2.30, 8.15. TONS OF MONEY.

W.1. Thurs. 2.30. YOUNG ARABIAN OF BAGDAD.

ALHAMBRA—(Gerr. 2064). Daily, 2.30, 6.10 and 8.45. THE BOY WHO WAS A THIEF.

AMBADEUR—8.45. THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

Maggie Albani, Edna Best. Mat. Fri. Sat. 2.30.

APOLLO—WHAT EXOTIC WOMAN KNOWS, by J. M. Barrie. Every Evening, at 8.15. Mat. Tu. Th. 2.30.

COMEDY—Every Evening at 8.30. SECRETS.

Fay Compton, Leon Quartermaine. Tues. and Fri. 2.30.

COURT THEATRE—(Gerr. 848). PEDDLAR'S PIE.

The New Musical Society. Every Evening at 8.30.

COVENT GARDEN—British National Opera Co. To-day, 2.30. Magic Flute. To-morrow, 8.30. The Marriage of Figaro.

CRITERION—9 o'clock comedy. CHARLES HAWTREY in JACK STRAW. Mats. Every Tues. and Sat. 2.30.

DAILY—To-day, at 2.15 and 8.15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2.15.

DURRY LANE—(Gerr. 2882). Last Week. THE DOVEY.

NED KLAN OF OLD DRURY. Wed. and Sat. 2.15.

DUKE OF YORKS—To-morrow, 8.30. ELIZA COMES TO STAY.

At 8.15 Mat. Tu. Th. Fri. Sat. 2.30. PARTNERS.

GARRICK—(Gerr. 9513). 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. Partners.

Palatin and Peppermint in the Motor Business.

GLOBE—8.20. Eve. Wed. Fri. Sat. 2.30. The Voice of the Desert.

Followed at 9 (Eve). 5 (Mats). by "Acted We All".

HAYMARKET. ISABEL, EDWARD and ANNE.

Eve. 8.30. Mats. Th. and Sat. 2.30. Last Week.

HAYMARKET—Thurs. June 21, at 8. SUCCESS.

A New Play by A. J. Milne.

HIPPODROME—To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. BRIGHTER LONDON.

Bill Merson, Loring Lane, Paul Whitman and Band.

HIS MAJESTY'S—8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. HENRY AINLEY

in OLIVER CROMWELL, by John Drinkwater.

LITTLE—(Regent 2401). THE 9 O'CLOCK REVUE.

Eve. 9. Mats. Mon. and Tu. 2.45. Red. Mats. Prices.

LONDON PAVILION—Eve. 8.15. Tu. Sat. 2.30. DOVEY

STREET TO DIXIE. S. Lapino, O. Myrl, F. Milla.

LYCEUM—7.45. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. Sunday Will

flame in "Dread Copeland"; 7.45 to 8.45. (Gerr. 7677).

LYRIC—2.15, 8.15. Wed. Sat. 2.15. LILAC TIME.

Five with Music by Schubert. (Gerr. 3067).

LYRIC, H. SMITH—2.30, 8.15. THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Mats. Wed. Sat. at 2.30. 1,250th PERFORMANCE.

MASKED THEATRE, near Oxford Circus, 2 and 8.

Lings Singh, Scarab, Felicitas.

NEW—(Rice 4466). To-day, 2.30, 8.30. Mats. Wed. Thurs.

2.30. MATTHEW LANG in Revival of "CARNAVAL".

NEW OXFORD—8.30. Wed. 2.30. LE VEILLER DE

NUIT. Lucien Gaultier, Yvonne Princette, Sacha Guitry.

NEW OXFORD—Thurs. next, at 2.30. L'ECONOM DUSE

and his (The New). Mats. June 18.

PALACE. Irving Berlin's "MUSIC BOX REVUE".

Nightly 8.20. Mats. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

PLAYHOUSE. Gladys Cooper. "MAGDA".

Nightly at 8.20. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES—(Gerr. 2830). Wed. Sat. 2.30.

Anglo-American Screen "SO THIS IS LONDON".

QUEEN'S-BLUEBELLS' ALL WIFE. Eve. 8.30. Thurs.

Sat. 8.30. Mat. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30. NORMA MACDONALD.

REGENT, King's X. Wed. next, at 8. ROBERT L. LEE.

By John Drinkwater. Fri. Mat. Sat. June 23, at 8.30.

ROYALTY—(Gerr. 3855). Eve. 8.30. AT MR. BEANS.

Edna, Eadie, Jean, Eadie. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.

SAVOY—Tonight, 8.15. POLLY. Mats. Mon. and Tu. 2.30.

2.30. PITT CHAMBER. LILLIAN DAVIES.

ST. JAMES'S—To-day, 2.30, 8.30.

Leila Faler, Isabel Elsom. Mats. Wed. Fri. 2.30.

MARTINS—Eve. 8.30. H.R. Mat. Fri. Sat. 2.30.

"The Talk of the Town"—Morning Post.

SCALA (NEW). THE MARIONETTE PLAYERS.

Fri. 8.30. Wed. Th. Sat. 2.30. 2.30. STOP FLIRTING.

Shaftebury—8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. STOP FLIRTING.

The Actors should attract all London—Vive Press.

STRAND—At 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. Baudouin, Lord

O'Neill, ANNA CHRISTIE. G. Mifflin, F. Shampo.

VADEVILLE—2.30, 8.30. Tu. Wed. 2.30. A. S. A. S.

WYNDHAM'S—Gerald du Maurier in "THE DANCERS".

A New Play. At 8.30. Wed. Thurs. 2.30. A. S. A. S.

COLISEUM—(Gerr. 7540). 2.30, 7.45. "TANNHAUSER".

Art. I. Scene 1. The First Blancy and Pappas, etc.

GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME—8.30. NELSON KEYS.

Julian Rose, George and Butler, Carlton, etc.

PALADIN—(Gerr. 1624). 2.30, 8.30. Pappas, etc.

The Modern Miracle Men, Daphne Pollard & Tubby Edlin, etc.

NEW GALLERY—Presented by Anna O. Nielsen in "THE

MAN FROM HONG KONG". By Dorothy Dickson, Leslie Francis.

HILHARMONIC—WITH ALLENBY IN PALATINE. New Musical Society.

STOLL PICTURE THEATRE, Kingsway—1.45 to 10.30.

The Three Sisters, etc.

POLYTECHNIC HALL, The Wizard of Oz. The Game

Thriller Dile. 2.30, 5.15 and 8.30. 14.30 to 5.45.

EDWARD'S ANNUAL FETE. 2.30 to 5.45. 14.30 to 5.45.

25.27. At 14.30 to 5.45. Sec. 18. Stephen C. W. J.

EXHIBITIONS.

INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW, Olympia—June 23-30.

Box Office, 12, Hanover Sq., W.1. Seats: 2s. 4d. 22s. 6d.

PHOTOGRAPHY, ETC.

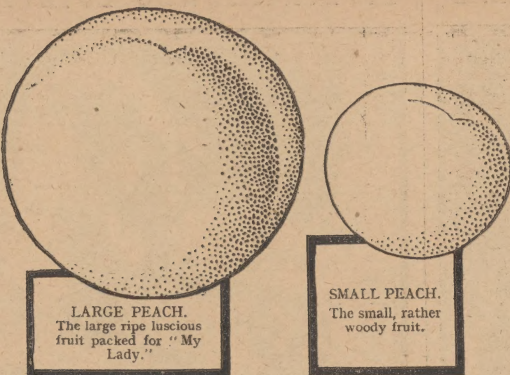
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CAMERAS by leading British makers at bargain prices

on easy terms; catalogue of full range of models post

free.—J. G. Graves, Ltd., Sheffield.

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Patterns of
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FREE



—and which do you get?

There is as much difference between the qualities of canned fruits as between a dessert apple and a cooking apple.

The growers, when they gather the fruit, divide it into grades or qualities. It is so difficult for you to tell whether you are getting the first quality or the last, that Angus Watson & Co., Limited, have now put the brand "My Lady" on the best quality, in order that you may know *before* you spend your money.

Luscious fruit without blemish, packed straight from the tree in rich cane sugar syrup—pears that remind you of summer in a country orchard—apricots like those from a sun-baked wall—peaches surpassing the finest hothouse fruit—these are what you enjoy when you order "MY LADY" Fruits.

The varieties of "My Lady" are

Fruit Salad	Peaches
Raspberries	Pears
Loganberries	Apricots
Queenberries	Pineapples

Every can of "MY LADY" Fruits is provided with a clean new opener.

ASK GENTLY BUT FIRMLY FOR

"MY LADY" CANNED FRUITS

QUITE FREE. 20 "Keep Smiling" real time-keeping Clocks sent every day, one each to the first 20 Ladies stating on a postcard the most nearly correct order of popularity of the eight varieties of "My Lady" Fruits. Your grocer's name and address (and your own) must be stated. Address p.c. to

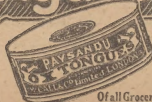
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The name Angus Watson on any preserved food means the best of its kind.

Paysandu Ox Tongues

None Better.

Send name and address for FREE copy of "Housewife's Book of Hints" to McCall & Co., Ltd., 22, St. George's House, Eastcheap, E.C.3.



Of all Grocers

DARNING MADE EASY

THE "STAN" DARNER is a wonderful yet simple automatic hand machine with which even a child can WEAVE A PERFECT DARN into any material in an astonishingly short time. IMPOSSIBLE TO MAKE UNDOY DARN. A great boon for quickly and neatly repairing stockings, table linen, underwear, etc. Unbreakable and easy to operate. With directions, price 2/9, post 3d.

USEFUL FREE GIFT included with all orders received during the next 10 days. Send NOW P.O. 3/- to The Only 2/9 E. J. R. Co., (Dept. D.M.), 682, Holloway Road, London, N.19.



ARE YOU GOING BALD??

"Harlene Hair-Drill" Puts the Glow of Life into Your Hair.

1,000,000 "HAIR-DRILL" OUTFITS FREE.

EVERY man or woman who is threatened or afflicted with—

Partial or Total Baldness,
Hair that easily Falls Out,
Hair that Splits at the Ends,
Weak, Thin and Brittle Hair,
Too Greasy or Too Dry Hair,
Scurf on Scalp or Hair,

or Hair that is lacking in lustre and vigour, should write today for a Free Hair-Drill Outfit, and receive how quickly "Harlene Hair-Drill" will discipline the hair and cause it to grow long, strong, luxuriant, thick and beautiful. Each Free "Harlene" Outfit contains everything that is necessary to enable every man or woman to carry out "Harlene Hair-Drill" to the best advantage and to give it a fair and thorough trial.



Crisp, Youthful and Beautiful Silken Hair is the Gift offered to every Man and Woman to carry out "Harlene Hair-Drill". Post the FREE Coupon AT ONCE.

Every Four-Fold Gift will contain the following:

1. A BOTTLE OF "HARLENE," the true liquid food for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth. It is Tonic Food and Dressing in one.
2. A PACKET OF "CREMEX" SHAMPOO. This is an antiseptic purifier, which thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp of all scurf, etc., and prepares the hair for the "Hair-Drill" treatment. You should avoid greasy, hair-matting coconut oils.
3. A BOTTLE OF "UZON" BRILLIANTINE, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry".
4. A COPY OF THE NEW EDITION OF THE ILLUSTRATED "HAIR-DRILL" MANUAL, giving complete instructions for this two-minute-a-day hair-growing exercise.



It is wonderful what only a few minutes a day practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill" will achieve in the cultivation and preservation of a glorious mass of hair.

LADIES—BEWARE!!

Everyone, especially ladies, should beware of attempting to grow hair by means of internal medicines. Even if it were possible it would be dangerous, as it would cause new hair growth all over the body, or not at all. Thus, interference with the hair by causing complete disfigurement and unattractiveness by causing superfluous hairs to grow on Cheeks, Lips, Chin and Arms.

Post the coupon at once—TO-DAY—enclosing 6d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and return carriage to your own door, no matter where you may reside.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1/4, 2/9 and 4/9 per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1/4 and 2/9 per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 1/6 per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2d. each); and "Aloil" for Grey Hair at 3/- and 5/- per bottle, from Chemists and Stores all over the world.

DO NOT DELAY—SEND THIS FORM NOW!

FREE 'HAIR-DRILL' COUPON

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, LTD., 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sir, Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing outfit as announced. I enclose 6d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

Daily Mirror, 13, 6, 23.

NOTE TO READERS.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Best.") N.B.—If your hair is GREY enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of Aloil for Grey Hair will also be sent you.

SPORTS REQUISITES, ETC.

BIG "G" means the Guaranteed to Buy only TENNIS Rackets with Big "G" from 25s.; complete OLD Tennis Rackets and Balls taken in part exchange. REPAIRED Golf Balls for beginners from 5s. 6d. c.; also better qualities with Big "G". GOLF Clubs with Big "G" from 9s. 6d. c.; well-known makes also stocked. GOLF Club Clothes and Balls taken in part exchange. Condition of quality immaterial. CRICKET Bats and Balls—all leading makes sold with your Big "G" attached. LIST Free on request giving full particulars. CHAS. H. ROWELL, 14, Railway Approach, London Bridge, S.E.1. W. Wood, E.C.7, New Broad St., E.C.4. Waterloo Station (Main Entrance, also Book at No. 21 Platform), 56, The Mall, Ealing; and 785A, Commercial-road, E. 14.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1923.

ON A "DRY" LINER.

HOW many bottles of beer could you consume on the voyage across the Atlantic? How many glasses of wine—claret or champagne? Do you drink cocktails? If so, how many will you be likely to want within a week?

Those moderate drinkers who are sailing on the first "dry" British liner to-day—she is the Majestic—will be asked to answer these questions.

Not for a wager! There is to be no non-stop drinking competition on board. Merely to comply with the new regulations of the American Prohibitionists. . . . The Shipping Companies naturally do not want to carry more liquor on board than can be consumed on the journey.

Such are the inconveniences of a close, a Puritanical regulation of anything—drink or other indulgence. One has to think about it, one has to calculate, all the time. Casualness is killed. One cannot potically gather the passing joy. One has to estimate one's thirst and plan for one's needs in little matters.

Perhaps the effect will be that passengers will decide to go without. "Really, we can't make up our minds on Wednesday as to how much we may want to drink on Saturday night!" they will say.

Or there may be another result. The hardened sinners may deliberately *over-estimate* their capacity for consumption of alcohol. And, having over-estimated, they will of course feel bound in duty to waste not and want not. They will drink more than they ought. Another paradox of Prohibition!

"ONUS OF PROOF."

DURING the discussion of the Finance Bill in Parliament this week, it is anticipated that some concessions will be made to property owners and tenants.

For instance, "onus of proof" of increased value may be placed on the "inspector."

We fear that the mercy shown will be small. The "proof" thus adduced will no doubt be as complicated, as unintelligible in bureaucratic phrasing, as the copious explanations already handed out with rate-papers and other tax forms. Few will have the legal audacity to challenge the inspector.

It will indeed be something to have him on the wrong side, so to speak. It would be better were the whole new Domesday inquiry to be indefinitely postponed.

MORE HARM THAN GOOD.

WE notice that a crowded meeting of the Kensington Branch of the National Citizens' Union entirely endorsed the remarks made in this column last week about the Government Committee now inquiring into the conditions of domestic service.

The Union (said the Chairman) had a considerable amount of evidence that large numbers of servants who were fairly satisfied with their positions had, after reading the reports of the Committee's proceedings, become dissatisfied and now looked upon themselves as a class to be pitied.

Naturally! Nothing is easier than to imagine that one is being "put upon" because one hasn't everything one might have in Utopia. "What, haven't you a private library for your intellectual needs? Don't they allow you time to read Dostoevsky and Kant? Shameful! Mistresses will not *deserve* to get servants if they don't give them champagne for dinner!" And so on.

Isn't evidence. It's prattle. Housewives—and also many servants—hope that this will be the last Committee appointed for the encouragement of small talk.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Types of Beauty—What Is "Respectability"?—Baths and Civilisation—Small Talk on the Telephone.

WHO IS RESPECTABLE?

WHAT has respectability to do with money and the paying of one's bills? So long as it isn't known that one doesn't pay them—what does it matter? Respectability, in fact, is very largely a question of publicity. It relates to public opinion. Harrow. S. M. T.

THE TELEPHONE WOMAN.

THOUGH I am a busy man, I am being constantly interrupted by people calling upon me, and by telephone calls. Women are the chief offenders. They never seem to realise that when once a man is in an office he wants to be alone and to settle his mind on his work. The other day I had made an appointment to

FEMININE TYPES.

APPARENTLY Mr. Haselden considers that the beauty type, after attaining the modern "doll stage," will revert to the "nuts-for-health" type. But there is nothing to support this theory. The tendency, as exemplified by the cartoon, has all along been in the "fluffy" direction, and there is no reason to believe it will not continue to be so. BEAUTY CULTURE. Regent-street.

IN THE FUTURE.

WHAT will the type of feminine be in a hundred years' time? The question is suggested by your cartoonist, who seems to think that we are making for the

WOMEN'S DRESS IN PARLIAMENT: WHICH SHALL IT BE?



The puritanical and plain, or the attractive and ornate? At present the tendency is towards the first alternative.

'Take a niece out to lunch, in order to buy her a birthday present afterwards. And though I had made it perfectly clear when and where she was to meet me, she telephoned through an hour before the appointment and asked where she was to meet me.

She spent quite a long time apologising for troubling me, and rambled on about how the cook had given notice and that mother was in a terrible state, and so forth.

If only women wouldn't regard the telephone as an opportunity for small-talk! T. K. O.

GOLF TALK.

THERE is one very simple remedy for those who are bored by golf talk—or talk about any other form of sport in which they don't participate themselves. Don't listen!

But what if you find yourself at a golf week-end party or something of the sort? Find out before you accept week-end invitations what sort of people you are likely to meet. One can always choose one's friends.

Richmond, Surrey. S. M. HETHERINGTON.

BATHS.

MR. ALAN HARRIS seems to regard "progress" as a thing to be tested by the habit of bathing.

If so, we haven't greatly progressed. In ancient times bathing was almost a fine art. What baths to-day equal those of Caracalla in Rome for magnificence? Again the Moorish civilisation in Spain was a bathing civilisation. It was driven out by the devout, who regarded cleanliness as incompatible with godliness. HISTORICUS.

large-boned athletic type. Probably he has been watching the ladies' doubles in a tennis tournament.

This may be true, but I should regret it very much. The essence of femininity is that it should be feminine. But as there will always be women who don't play games, I suppose there will always be those who don't look like Amazons. A PORTRAIT PAINTER. Hampstead.

LOST CATS AND DOGS.

THERE are large numbers of stray cats and dogs wandering about the streets in these days.

If one took in the stray animals that passed one's house, one would have quite a menagerie—especially in the neighbourhood in which I happen to be living. What a pity that so few people seem to have any sense of responsibility in regard to animals! M. D. L. R.

IN MY GARDEN.

JUNE 12.—The sowing of seeds in the garden is an interesting pursuit, and if the work is carefully done good results may be expected to follow. In a few days plenty of ripe forget-me-not seed will be found.

Later on seed may be obtained from various poppies, delphiniums, lupins, pyrethrums, aubretia, wallflowers and many other subjects, including, of course, annuals. When the seed is ripe and the weather dry cut off the whole stalk and lay it on a sheet of paper in a cool room. In two or three weeks' time the seed can be shaken out and placed in labelled packets. E. F. T.

BUYING THAT FROCK FOR ASCOT.

PLEASE DON'T FORGET THE THINGS THAT GO WITH IT!

By EDWIN PUGH.

UNTIL a few days ago I had thought that the dearest thing one could buy was a cheap second-hand car.

Apart from the usual expenses of upkeep there is a series of bills to be met—for repairs, for new parts, new tyres, and countless other minor incidentals, that go on for ever and ever like the recurring decimal.

So that at the end of it all one finds that one has paid more for the thing than the price of a brand new Rolls-Royce; and one can neither sell it nor give it away. Even the "old iron" merchant turns up his nose at it. But now I have discovered that there are even more costly things than a cheap second-hand car. And one of them is what women call a "decent frock"—for Ascot, or anywhere else.

A friend of mine, just before Derby Week, bought a "decent frock" for his daughter. He paid perhaps twelve guineas for it.

The girl was delighted. And now (she said, with a kiss and a hug) she must have some decent shoes to go with it.

Her father bought her the shoes—three pairs.

But she couldn't possibly go on wearing those dreadfully old stockings with that perfectly lovely frock and those awfully doddish shoes—could she, old thing?

Obviously, she could not. So he bought her half a dozen pairs of stockings.

BOTHER THE EXPENSE!

And then, of course, she must have a hat. He bought her two. And—the weather was so treacherous—some furs. Well, well! And one of those bon-things. Yes, yes! And a sports coat. Naturally. And gloves. Certainly. And—and—between more hugs and kisses—oh, an umbrella—one of those new kinds—and sunshades—two—with the fashionable handles. And—and—and so on, *ad infinitum*.

And now that Ascot is looming in the middle distance, she will want another decent frock for that.

Another decent frock!

He blanches, he wilts, not so much at the thought of what that second decent frock will cost as at the prospect of all the *ecceteras* it will entail.

"And you talk to me about your pifling old car!" he says scornfully.

Well, I don't, not any more—not to him, anyway.

He is not an exceptionally rich man. And yet, though he grumbles he pays, and goes on paying. And, though I dare not say so, I don't believe he very much minds paying, either. I have even a suspicion that secretly he really enjoys this seemingly unprofitable outlay.

You see, the girl is so pretty! He is so tremendously proud of her and fond of her!

Not so very long ago he paid umpteen guineas for quite a little Boucher. And surely, after all, a beautiful woman, a young girl, who is also charming and lovable as only a young English girl can be, who is besides your own daughter—surely she is a greater treasure, a greater luxury, and altogether more of a privilege to look at and prize and cherish than any old French master?



WORK WON'T HURT YOUR SKIN

if you are a regular user of OATINE, the Face Cream that is made to protect the pretty woman's skin. It contains all that is necessary to tone up tired skin tissues and to restore that soft, smooth bloom that is every girl's birthright. In white jars 1/6 and 3/- everywhere.

Ask your Chemist to show you the full range of OATINE Toilet Preparations.

Oatine
FACE CREAM

THE OATINE COMPANY, LONDON, S.W.



Two embroidered patch-pockets and dainty collar and cuffs of white organdie distinguish this coat-rock of navy.



This attractive model is of white Italian straw trimmed with roses and black moiré ribbon.



To a hat of smoke grey crepe de Chine a delightful trimming of rose petals has been added.



This white straw model is trimmed with white feather and a ribbon mount.

To be really fashionable we must have beaded motifs introduced on our shoes.



A handful of flame-coloured feathers beautify this graceful gown of grey morocain and lace.

FOR BEAUTY—BUT ADORNED

SOME NEW IDEAS ON THE ART OF SKILFUL MAKE-UP.

By CATHLEEN NESBITT.

THERE was a time when the word "make-up," either on the stage or off, conjured up a vision of staring pink cheeks, sticky red lips, "beaded" eyelashes, heavily-arched eyebrows—the wax doll in *excessis*.

You don't see that particular kind of "mask" nowadays, except, occasionally, on the leading lady of a second-rate amateur theatrical company, but you do frequently see "make-up" clumsily and carelessly applied; hence the strong prejudice felt against it by the average woman and still more by the average man.

This seems to me to be rather a pity. If you have a lovely natural complexion, so much the

And now to the actual process of make-up. First a few "don'ts."

Never make up your eyes in the daytime; never go to bed with any make-up of any sort left on your face; never use rouge till you are sure that it is the right shade for your own skin, and that you know just whereabouts on your own face the heightened colour ought to come.

If, when you are flushed, your cheeks go a pinkish red, get a rouge to match; a brownish red, a clear red, an almost bluish red. There are infinite varieties of rouge made nowadays, and it ought not to be difficult to get one to suit you. Now to find where to put it.

Dip a corner of your handkerchief in eau-de-Cologne or lavender water; rub one side of your face vigorously, beginning under the eyes, and continuing right down to the neck. Leave it for a minute. Now take a hand mirror to the window. The blood is stimulated, and a bright colour will appear where the colour ought to be. With some people it is above the cheek line, with others below it, etc. Observe carefully where it spreads and practise on the other cheek to match it. Apply a little to the chin—it makes the colour look more real if it comes everywhere that it should.

Finally—and this is the important secret—dip a corner of cotton wool in lavender water or eau-de-Cologne and dab it very lightly on your cheeks, leaving it to dry. You will find that this will leave a faint "shine," and you will have a lovely "natural" colour like a child's—if you have put it on carefully.



Miss Cathleen Nesbitt is one of our leading young actresses, and has made a study of beauty lore.

Nine out of ten working women have neither the time, the opportunity, nor the money for enough of the things that keep a woman's skin looking its best: fresh air, exercise, sleep, and lack of worry.

There is no reason why these women should not resort occasionally to artificial means to simulate the complexion that nature would have given them if allowed free play.

If you find that your skin is getting "muddy," a sure sign of internal "clogging" of some sort, try a "milk Sunday" occasionally. That is, take nothing but milk for a whole day! Don't try it on a working day—you'll only get a headache—but a nice, lazy Sunday; try it, and see how nice you'll look next day.

THE MORNING WASH.

IN the morning the face should be washed thoroughly with good neutral soap and warm water, after which there should be a thorough rinsing with tepid and then cold water.

If the skin is of unusually delicate texture, a gelatinous soap is best.

Instead of using tincture of benzoin in the rinsing water, as one does for the night cleansing, a tablespoonful or two of fresh almond meal added to the first rinsing water is very soothing and beneficial.

After thoroughly drying the face by patting it gently with upward strokes, a good day cream may be used before the application of powder. This prevents the skin chapping.

REMOVING STAINS.

MOST of us are unfortunate enough at some time or other to get ugly stains on our clothes, and often despair of ever wearing the garment again.

But most stains can be removed if treated immediately.

Paint or tar stains can be removed by turpentine.

Ink stains will almost disappear if soaked in warm milk, while fruit stains should be rubbed over with a little cream of tartar, then put into cold water.

A hot iron and a piece of blotting paper or ordinary brown paper will remove grease spots.

But the secret is—do it at once.

ELDERBERRY LORE.

IT WILL DOCTOR YOUR ROSE-BUDS AND COMPLEXION AMONG OTHER THINGS.

WHEN the elder-bush sways beneath its load of creamy blooms, scenting the air with its pungent odour, Eve goes into the orchard.

"This is the fairies' bush," says she, "and under their special favour. Please notice that the elder is never troubled with blight or annoying insects."

Eve assures me that the elder foliage and flowers contain special properties, and she proceeds to gather liberally and fill the basket she carries.

The leaves are thrown into an old can and she pours over them boiling water and they are left to infuse until the evening. Then, at the time of garden attentions, I see the why and wherefore. Eve doctors her rose-buds with the elder infusion and thereafter has no dread of blight or worrying flies.

The scent of the elder insures freedom for her roses and a resultant beauty of growth.

Do you fear the mosquito, the midge, and their brethren? Then copy Eve's way with elder wash.

Gather fresh leaves, or blossoms, from the many elder trees which grow wild through our land, place them in an old tea-pot or jug, and pour over boiling water. Leave them to infuse until cold, then pour off into a bottle and cork tightly. If you like, you may add a few heads of lavender buds to improve the scent.

It will not keep many days and you must never use it when it has gone cloudy. Make fresh infusions often.

Sponge yourself with this elder infusion and no fly will worry you. It is a cooling and refreshing liquid and excellent for your skin. Our grandmothers used the elder for many things—from complexion washes to jam and elderberry pie. Why shouldn't we copy them?

J. K.

CHEESE BON-BONS.

TRY THESE DAINTIES FOR YOURSELF.

THE American housewife is not often content with serving salads au naturel. She usually adds a little variety to the salad course as served in England by passing a plateful of cheese bon-bons around at the same time.

These are sometimes made of any cheese and seasoning, sometimes improved with the addition of chopped nuts.

For instance, *Almond Creams* are especially good to eat with green salads or shredded celery dressed with mayonnaise. Cut a cream cheese in pieces, 3in. square by 3in. deep, press two blanched and fried-in-oil-or-butter almonds on each piece opposite each other, and serve on a plate covered with a lace paper doily, garnishing daintily with parsley.

WOMAN OF THE WEEK.

THE NEW COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND
A POPULAR FIGURE IN SOCIETY.

ONE of the most interesting events of the season has been the recent marriage of the Earl of Westmorland to the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Capel. They both enjoy a very wide circle of friends, which includes the Prince of Wales, and it is expected that they will do a good deal of entertaining this year. The new Countess is a daughter of Lord Ribblesdale. She was Miss Diana Lister and married Mr. Percy Wyndham, who was killed in action on the Aisne in 1914.

Her second husband, Mr. Arthur Capel, lost his life in a motoring mishap in France. Artistic and vivacious, fond of dancing and with a reputation for being one of the "intellectuals" of Society, invitations to her parties in Charles-street were always eagerly received. But hunting is her first interest, and she has been out a great deal this season with the Beaufort Hounds. An accomplished horsewoman, she always rides a particularly nice type of horse.



Courtesy of Westmorland.

SLIM ANKLES.

WHAT CAREFUL EXERCISE WILL DO.

WHETHER our skirts grow longer yet there isn't a woman born who wants thick ankles. And we are angry with M. Poiret when he says that the beauty of our ankles is a vanishing thing and that long skirts must come in to hide their imperfections.

Ankles with any pretension to slimmness can retain their beauty of line by a few minutes' daily exercise.

Stand with bare feet on your bedroom carpet, grasp the back of a chair and go up and down on your toes. If there is just a pleasant sensation of fatigue around the ankle you may be sure that the exercise was needed.

If you have swollen ankles get advice from a beauty specialist. You will be told to bathe them to open the pores and be given a cream to rub in which will dissolve fatty tissue by working acids out of the muscles and tightening up the skin when the fat is dissolved.

Thick ankles can be made slim.

But a word of advice.

If your ankles are not all they should be in the line of beauty, don't follow the fashion for light stockings. Stick to dark stockings and shoes, for light ones draw attention to your feet.



Miss Doris Beane, of "Romantic" fame, who is singing at a Park Lane dancing home.



Mrs. Hugh de Selincourt, wife of the well-known author, was formerly Lady Wheeler, the pianist.

TO-MORROW'S WEDDING.

A College Ball—Some New Films—Sub-conscious Action?

UNLIKE MOST FASHIONABLE marriages at St. Margaret's, Westminster, that to-morrow of Lady Mary Cambridge to the Marquis of Worcester is timed for eleven o'clock—which is rather hard on those of the Smart Set who do not as a rule make their appearance in public before lunch. And the morning light does not suit all the modern complexions! Those reflections are the result of observation forced on me last week when the Westminster-Capel wedding took place at the same hour.

After the Wedding.

Although the Marquis and Marchioness of Cambridge will receive some of their friends at Chandos House after the ceremony it is very unlikely that more than a very few of the presents will be on view, as they are mostly all at Badminton. In spite of Court mourning it is expected that both the King and Queen will attend the wedding of her Majesty's niece.

Mrs. Greville's Dance.

The dance given by the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville was, like all the parties at 16, Charles-street, Berkeley-square, very well done—for that is Mrs. Greville's way. Her two drawing-rooms were practically rebuilt last year and thrown into one, which makes, therefore, a fine ballroom. The house is famed for its reception rooms which include four on the ground floor in addition to those above. The house is not a very tall one, however, and therefore is not strong in bedrooms.

Cambridge Premiers.

The Prime Minister, who received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Cambridge University yesterday, is the fourteenth Cambridge man to become Prime Minister. He was a member of the Union when Austen Chamberlain was vice-president, and is the fifth member of his college (Trinity) to become Premier.

Jesus College Ball.

I doubt if there has been a more enjoyable function during May Week than Jesus College Ball, which took place last night. Ambrose's band supplied the music, and floor space was at a premium until some thoughtful people decided that "sitting out" would be a kindness. It had been arranged to finish up with breakfast on the river, a change from the London dance routine.

Lord Louis' New House.

Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten have, after some searching, been able to find a house in the West Country which is within comparatively easy reach of Plymouth—the depot of Lord Louis' ship. This is Maiden Castle House, near Dorchester, and Lady Louis will remain there after her husband's leave has expired.

A Queen's Necklace.

Among the treasures Lady Sackville is dispersing at the sale at her Brighton residence at the end of the month is a diamond necklace of forty-two stones. It belonged to Queen Katherine Parr, Henry VIII's sixth and last wife. Katherine Parr, herself the wife of four husbands, is buried at Sudley Castle, Gloucestershire, the seat of the Dents.

Future Peeress.

Lady Mary Fitzmaurice, who was recently presented at Court by Lady Derby, is the only child of Lord and Lady Orkney, and will one day inherit the title of Countess of Orkney. The earldom can go to females or any heirs whatsoever. Lady Mary, who is just over twenty, is a great horsewoman.



Lady Sackville.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

Sub-Conscious Thought?

Many will agree with Sir Edward Marshall-Hall that "there is a great deal of sub-conscious thought going on," and that it sometimes results in automatic action. The classic example is, I believe, that of the man who, starting to wind up his watch when he was dressing for dinner, was moved by some sub-conscious train of thought to undress, go to bed and fall asleep.

Society Journalist.

Lady Irene Curzon is the latest society girl to take up journalism. She is the eldest daughter of Marquis Curzon of Kedleston and has the gift, not always found among clever people, of saying everything in a nice way. She is an expert motorist and drove a car in France during the war.

Travelling Debutantes.

Lady Irene considers that American girls are more alert and broad-minded than English because they travel more. This is probably true of the girls that come over here, but a prominent American hostess said exactly the same thing to me last year of the English girls in New York.

Birthdays.

Three interesting birthdays fall to-day—those of Mr. W. B. Yeats, who is fifty-eight, Sir John Foster Fraser, who is fifty-five, and Sir Leo Chiozza Money, who is fifty-three.

New Ibanex Film.

"Enemies of Women," a new film based on Blasco Ibanez's novel of that name, will commence a season at the Empire Theatre on Friday next. The stars are Alma Rubens and Lionel Barrymore, and the author assisted in the production. Another item of interest is that Leslie Henson is busy on the filming of "Tons of Money," in which he will play the harassed husband.



Miss Alma Rubens.

Prize Offer.

I think that Adolph Zukor is offering an annual prize of 10,000 dollars for the best film story of the year. The competition, which is open to the entire world, was announced at the Film Congress held in New York for the purpose of bringing producers and authors together. The competition commences on September 1 next.

Novel Prize.

Literature has received a novel kind of endowment in France—a consolation prize to be bestowed upon the author of the worst novel published during the year. Candidates are not required or expected to urge their claims. The reward may be spontaneously offered to any novelist to whose lack of merit the attention of the committee has been drawn.

Carpentier in Training.

Carpentier, who is training at Shoebury-ness for his match with Beckett, is "mixing it." When he has put in some hard work in the morning he comes to London for a theatre, a dance, or just for a cheerful meal. Yesterday, while lunching at the Savoy, he attracted the attention of Senor Marine, the Spanish caricaturist, who sketched him there and then.

Cost of Cause Celebre.

The Croker case, I hear, is breaking all records in the Dublin Probate Court. But the costs will be relatively small—£7,000 is a generous estimate. Lawyers' fees are smaller in Ireland than in England, and the biggest counsel's fee never approaches £1,000.

Active Octogenarian.

Dr. Page-Roberts, ex-Dean of Salisbury, who is now eighty-seven, may often be seen enjoying a brisk walk at Shanklin, where he is living in retirement. The veteran ecclesiastic was once a popular London preacher, being incumbent of St. Peter's, Vere-street, a church famous for the ministry of Frederick Denison Maurice.

Famous Poet.

Rabindranath Tagore, poet and Nobel Prize winner, whose works have sold enormously in Western countries, is at present visiting the Holy Places in Palestine. He intends also to visit Egypt.

The Tykes at Lord's.

You see cricket at its keenest—the rigour of the game—when Yorkshire comes to Lord's. The splendid chances and changes of the summer game have been thrilling the crowd for the past two days and the match by being at times "anybody's" showed once more that cricket surely is everybody's.

One Among Many.

Londoners always show keen yet good-humoured appreciation of the enemy in the gate from Yorkshire. Nothing, indeed, amuses them like listening to the audacious Tyke who faces a regiment of "leg-pullers" when his side's fortunes seem low. One such kept up his wicket and the crowd on a roar all through the afternoon.

Autograph Courage.

The schoolboys who swarm over the field at the close of an innings, autograph books in hand, have at least nerve. Imagine the courage needed to ask a player just given out "leg before" to stop on his doleful way to the pavilion and oblige with his signature. I must say I was glad to see that the players had a little police protection.

Scots and Full-Dress Uniform.

Scotland wants full-dress uniform for the military guard at Edinburgh Castle, and says that full-dress is permitted for "the Capital of England." The War Office reply is that Scotland enjoys equal benefit in having full-dress for the Scots Guards. I scarcely think this will satisfy the agitators, for the Scots Guards are generally stationed in and around London.

Blind Girl Typists.

Some four or five years ago I saw at St. Dunstan's Hostel blind girl typists taking down in shorthand by the Braille system letters dictated to them. Then a girl took the ribbon as perforated and by sense of touch was able to type the "note." The invention is still a novelty to the general public who may see it working at the exhibition at the Blind Institute, Great Portland-street.



Mr. Victor McLaglen, who plays the leading part in the new George Clark film "Capt. Jack Fortune."



Michael Fokine, the Russian choreographer, who is to arrange the dances for "Hassan" at His Majesty's Theatre.

Ascot Etceteras.

Bord-street is busy with "creations" for Ascot and with the eteteras thereof. The latter, I am told, will mark a change. Handbags, for instance, are diaphanous, and are made of lace and flowers. Sunshades are to be of wondrous colour designs and of the "stumpy" kind.

Penalty of Fame.

I am not surprised to hear that Miss Edith O'Dwyer has had a nervous breakdown, for she had to run the gauntlet of scores of well-meaning congratulatory friends after her good fortune in the Marconi Calcutta Sweep was made known. She collapsed at business on Monday and has been obliged to take a holiday—which, however, she can easily afford.

Girding at "Ghosts."

Ibsen's "Ghosts," which is being presented at the Pavilion Theatre, Whitechapel, this week, was originally produced in London on March 1, 1891. It is doubtful whether any play had ever been so lightly assailed by the critics. Mr. William Archer has collected a list of the epithets that were applied to the play in the Press. They include "abominable," "disgusting," "foul," "bestial," "loathsome," "putrid," and "blasphemous."

Why?

"Daddy," said the small boy, "is it true that Solomon had 700 wives?" "Yes, my son," answered the parent. There was a pause. "Daddy, why did they call Solomon the wisest man?" THE RAMBLER.

SILVO'S HERCHOICE



What one Woman did

She read all about Silvo, and how it cleaned and polished all silverware in less time and without injury.

When she went out shopping, she bought a tin of Silvo, and found it made her silver more attractive than ever

SILVO

is now her choice

Use it with an old soft cloth.

RECKITT & SONS LTD., HULL AND LONDON



THRILLING SPEEDS IN ISLE OF MAN

"OLD COUNTRY INN" ON BOA



Cheering S. Wood, winner of the junior tourist trophy race.



G. Dance on a Sunbeam reaches the hill-top and dashes on at full speed.



C. Parkinson, on a Dot Jap, has his tank refilled with petrol before starting in the junior race.

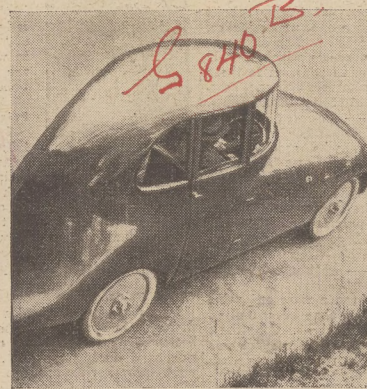


Lady Royden and Lord Blythswood playing deck quots on board the Franconia.

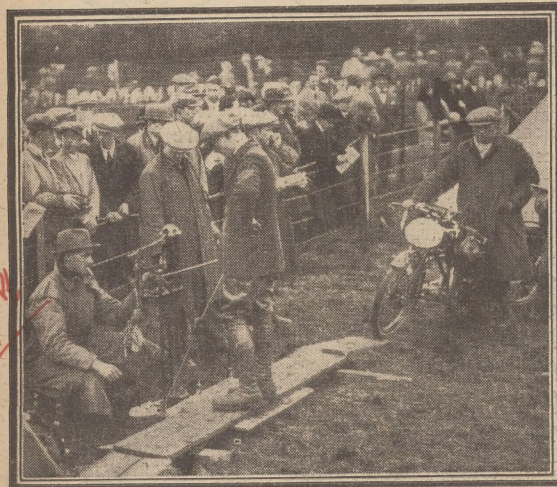


Stewards in old-time

The Franconia, the newest liner of the Cunard Company, has just completed a trial cruise among the Western Isles with a distinguished company on board. One of the features of this ship, which will join the American service on Saturday



NEW ROAD MONSTER.—This weird-looking monster of the road is the newest style of motor-car at Berlin. It has taken years to evolve and is of great speed.

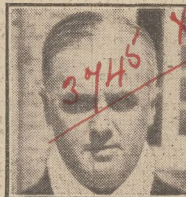


One of the riders on the scales before the start.

With an average speed of 55.7 miles per hour for a course abounding in gradients and stiff corners, S. Wood won the junior tourist trophy race on a Cotton motor-cycle.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



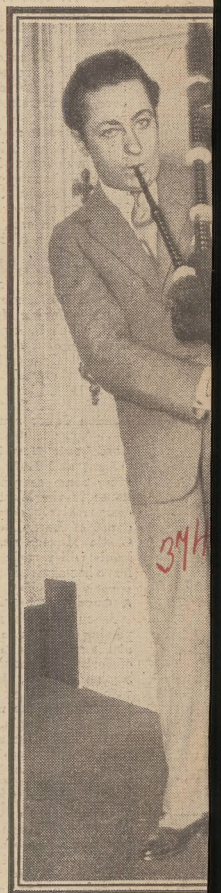
CHIEF BRIDESMAID.—Lady Diana Somerset will be chief bridesmaid to Lady Mary Cambridge at her wedding to-morrow. She is a sister of the bridegroom.



DAVIS CUP REFEREE.—Mr. C. Miller, honorary secretary of the Lancashire Lawn Tennis Association, will referee the Davis Cup tie between Britain and Spain.



WORLD'S TITLE WON.—Johnny Kilbane (facing camera) and Eugene Criqui, the French boxer, during their contest in New York, in which Criqui won the featherweight championship of the world.



MUSICIAN WHO PIPES.—ous Russian violinist, play choly wailing of which he m heard the pipes

RD THE NEW CUNARD LINER

AMERICANS IN THE "OPEN" AT TROON



ress serving punch.

week, is a refreshment saloon which is decorated in the style of an old-time country inn, and in which appropriate dresses are worn by the stewards. Later the Franconia will be away some months on a world tour.



ROSE SELLERS' FLIGHT.—Four of the six charming girls who left Croydon by air yesterday to sell Alexandra roses to-day in Paris and at other places on the Continent.

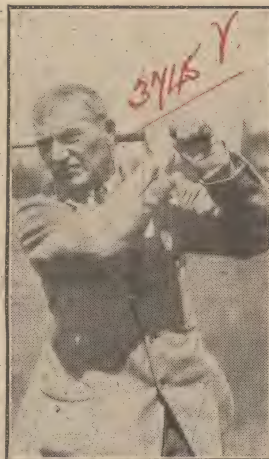


A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.—Countess Roberts, daughter of the famous Field-Marshal, taking a cup of tea with Mr. T. H. Sage, V.C., during a garden fête at Exeter.

I. Jascha Hieftetz, the famous bagpiper, the melancholic appreciates. He first New Zealand.



The Lord Mayor of Liverpool playing shuffleboard on deck.



Willie Fernie, aged seventy-two, is the oldest competitor in the open golf championship.



George Duncan driving from the eleventh tee on the municipal course at Troon yesterday.



TO WED.—Miss Juliet Barclay, daughter of M. Barclay, of Fenshaws, Hertford, will be married on July 18 to Mr. John Kidston Swire, of Harlow, Essex.



HIS NEW POST.—Mr. Albert Coates, the British conductor, has accepted the directorship of the Philharmonic Orchestra at the University of Rochester, U.S.A.

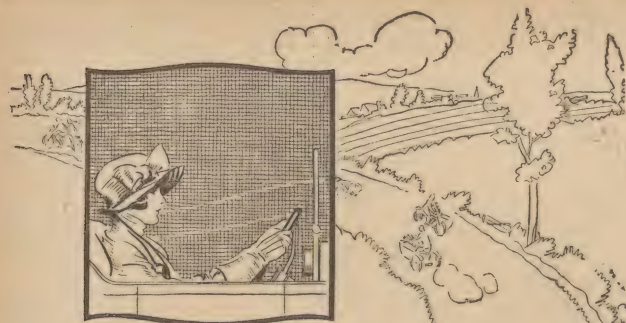


Walter Hagen hits an iron on the tenth tee.



Walter Hagen gets well out of the rough at the eleventh.

With a good wind blowing at Troon, the Americans could not claim that they had done better than fairly well in the opening stages of the open golf championship. Sarazen going out a second time took 85.



Protect your skin

—and beautify it, too!

Spend as much time out-doors as possible but *protect your skin* by using Icilma Cream *freely* every day.

This wonderful face cream will prevent any discomfort caused by sun, wind or dust, will *cool, cleanse and refresh* the skin (thanks to the wonderful Icilma Water it contains) and keep it always soft and clear.

Icilma Cream—fragrant with the perfume of a million blossoms—is absolutely *NON-GREASY* and vanishes better than vanishing cream.

The more you use Icilma Cream the more will you be convinced of its splendid value for summer and indeed for all seasons.

It is the *one* cream your skin needs day and night—not only preserving but cleansing as well. Thus it is economical.

Icilma Cream is properly guarded from the injurious rays of strong white light or sunlight by the *protective* green in the green glass jar. This green filters the light and prevents any action in the snowy white cream. *There's a reason for the green glass jar.*

Icilma

Cream

(Icilma is pronounced Eye-Silma.)

Price 1/3 per pot.

Large pot, 2/- Face Powder, 1/3.

Use it daily and
look your best

Icilma Face Powder

This dainty face powder is sifted through silk till it feels like silk. Free from grit and as light as air. Perfumed with the glorious Icilma Bouquet. Adheres closely. Two tints only. Naturelle and Crème.

Popular Size 1/3



Buy them while they can be bought

Australasian APPLES

They are now here from
TASMANIA
AUSTRALIA
&
NEW ZEALAND

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away"

Issued by the National Fruit Trades Federation

Nerves and the Housewife

The never ceasing monotony and responsibility of a household make nervous sufferers of thousands of women, but there is a sure cure in Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

It is said that a woman's work is never done, and it is because that saying is literally true that so many women break down, become nervous, and suffer from stomach and other troubles. The thing to do when the feeling of exhaustion grips you, is to take Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

This splendid medicine contains just the elements required to build up your system, and give you new vitality. Thousands of women who, otherwise, would have been nervous, weak, perpetually out of sorts, are enjoying strong vigorous health because they have secured the assistance which Dr. Cassell's Tablets give. You try them. They must do you good.

Mrs. F. Saunders' Signed Statement

Mrs. F. Saunders, of 17, Staunton-road, Kingston-on-Thames, says:—"As a result of the air raids during the war I suffered from neuritis. The raids, in addition, made me more and more nervous, until I seemed to be on the point of breakdown. My neuritis pains made me so ill that I could hardly do anything and to complete my misfortunes my husband died suddenly. The awful shock added to my nervous trouble rendered me helpless—I could not raise my hand nor dress myself. I tried various medicines, but they were useless. Then I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and very soon I began to feel that they were doing me good. The pain lessened, and a steady improvement set in. Now I can do my housework again—in fact I am quite cured."

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME.

and note how well you sleep and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

Good for

Nervous Breakdown	Anemia
Neuritis	Palpitation
Indigestion	Ridney
Sleeplessness	Weakness
Neurasthenia	Children's Weakness
Nerve Pains	Wasting
Headache	Periods of Life.

Specialty Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Prices 1/3 and 3/-.
Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets



Note the handy place for the pastry board.

LACE LOVELINESS.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE SCARF THAT GRANDMAMMA USED.

IF you possess a long scarf of black, white, or biscuit-coloured lace, then you are lucky indeed! These "made" scarves are being used for various chic purposes, and one can rarely buy them in the right widths, nor will most laces by the yard in any way serve the purpose. The scarf your grandmother was wont to tie under her charming chin will serve most excellently.

Now let me tell you of its uses. If your face is round or oval—if it is any shape but long—get a toque or turban of fine black pedal; either that or a shape of very shiny satin.

Drape your scarf straight across the front, so that when it has been lightly caught at either side, perfectly even lengths fall down from it. Border each of the ends in some fashion, either by four rows of narrow black baby ribbon pulled on a few inches apart, or by a curly design in black lace braid slipped on.

To be like the French model the idea is taken from, the ends should reach your knees each side when you are standing up. A black scarf alone serves for this.

A scarf of black, or any other coloured lace, may serve most admirably for the yoke portion of a Victorian evening frock. The fancy is to lay one of these scarves round the bare shoulders, suspending the tight bodice from them. In the centre back this scarf ties in a flat, soft bow and again let its ends trail right down over the hooped skirt.

You may have seen this idea in old pictures and it's a most piquant one. But for both these two purposes the scarves must be of light, fine lace.

Lure of the Lamp.

CREATES AN ATMOSPHERE OF CHARM AND COSINESS

EVERY woman who appreciates the importance of charm and beauty in her home sees to it that the lampshades or shade in the most-used room is right.

A well-chosen lampshade can be the making of any room. Pass down the streets at night and test this for yourself by noticing which interiors are the most appealing, and then ask yourself why. You will find in nine cases out of ten that the allure is from the lamp.

The warm glow of a rose-shaded lamp suspended on chains and hanging fairly low over the table is irresistible. It will impart charm to the plainest of rooms.

With the right sort of lampshade it doesn't matter a bit that your cushions are a little faded, or that your tumblers are not real cut glass or your nappery pure linen.

The lamp supplies the deficit. It spends its rosy glow on the roses that are a little wilted

and the tablecloth that is not very well laundered, and touches both to beauty.

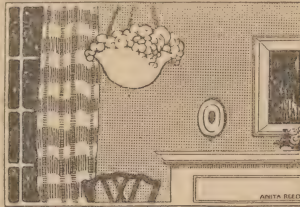
Or with a dull amber, it spills a golden charm into the room and people passing by in the outer darkness say: "What a delightful room . . ." It is all the work of the lampshade, the irresistible allure of the lamp.

The wise woman knows this. And she knows, too, what the lamp can do for her.

Lamplight was made for the enhancing of feminine charm.

Many a woman who is quite old-looking and plain in daylight or by the glare of electric light is wonderfully charming and young-looking by golden or rose lamplight. Rosy lamplight puts a colour

into her cheeks and is kind to the wrinkles about her eyes and mouth. Golden lamplight is gracious to bare shoulders and picks out glints in fading hair. A good lampshade lasts indefinitely, and does more than anything else to beautify the room at night.



A transparent bowl of fruit gives a soft light.



A scrap book is as useful as a private secretary.

TRAVEL ATTIRE.

BE SUITABLE AND LET WHO WILL BE SMART.

ALAS! that it should be so, but many women have not the haziest notion of what to wear when going on a short sea voyage, or even, as a matter of fact, on a long train journey.

How often when on board or in a train one sees fellow-passengers dressed as though for an afternoon tea-party. They more often than not wear filmy, short-sleeved frocks, large floppy hats, with the flimsiest of silk stockings and very high-heeled shoes. At first sight perhaps the effect is pretty and charming, but at the end of the journey what a different story to tell.

After much travelling experience one gets more or less the "travelling clothes sense" and knows instinctively what to wear. For those, however, whose first sea voyage or long journey is before them careful thought should be given to the subject.

A plain tailor-made costume is most essential, which should be accompanied by a light, but warm blanket coat, which can easily be thrown over everything when the air becomes chilly.

Furs should never be worn at sea, owing to the detrimental effect the sea air has on peltry, but warm woolly scarves should take their place.

A snug little hat which fits closely will restrain wayward locks and battle with the wind far better than a large floppy hat, whilst shoes should be of medium heel and laced up with thick silk stockings, or woollen ones if preferred.

YOUR MACKINTOSH.

WHEN a mackintosh has become hard and stiff it can effectively be renewed in the following manner: Dissolve a handful of the best grey lime in half a bucketful of water, and add to the stiff parts with a sponge. Give it this treatment three times, allowing three hours to lapse between each application. To clean, dip the mackintosh into soft cold water; lay it out flat on a table and scrub it with yellow soap. Rinse in several cold waters to get rid of the soap. Hang it out in the air to drain and dry. This process will not injure the lining as no heat is employed. Paint or grease stains can be removed with spirits of turpentine.

TEA-TABLE TRIFLES.

COLOURED tea-cloths are an effective and economical asset to one's afternoon tea-table. Paisley-patterned, in devices of scarlet and blue or green and orange shades—they look very dainty in use—and they enhance the charm of the prettiest of tea sets.

ECONOMY HINT.

IN many homes flypapers cost quite an appreciable sum during the summer months.

You can make your own quite simply and cheaply by heating slowly together 4oz. castor oil and 2oz. of resin, until the resin is dissolved. The mixture is then ready for use, and does not require boiling. Spread it, while hot, as thinly as possible, on sheets of paper, or on lengths of wire, which may be suspended from the ceiling. Affix a small paper cone to the lower end of the wire to catch any of the mixture which may be inclined to drip. When the papers become dry and are no longer sticky fresh ones should be substituted. As the wires become coated with flies they may be put through a fire and can then be recoated with the mixture. But strings of dead flies can be a disgusting and depressing sight, so let them be quickly removed.

MAKING THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

WHAT FLOWERS, FRUIT AND CURTAINS WILL DO.

DURING the early summer months there is nothing more charming and delightfully sweet for room decorations than freshly gathered wallflowers. Few flowers are more richly brilliant under artificial light than their so-called blood-red colourings. The purples are exquisite when arranged with a few white tulips. Care should be taken to strip off most of the leaves that will be under water, as they quickly decay. The water must be frequently changed or it soon becomes offensive.

Fruit and Porcelain.

Fruit and flowers are so nearly allied at this period of the year that they form a most desirable and not too expensive table decoration. Use a large dish of the fruit, preferably of metal if oranges are to be used, and mingle with them a few of the smallest leaves you can find in your garden. Most people have a jar or bowl of blue and white porcelain.



A wooden flap under the window for working.

Fill this loosely with wallflowers and place between two plates of fruit, thus producing a table decoration remarkable for its qualities of purity and refinement.

Golden and Jade.

To-day's table decoration: Wallflowers—golden and dark brown—massed in a large shallow bowl of jade and arranged with trails of the bright blue "bird's eye" flowers which, though a product of the hedgerow, are ideal for decorative purposes, and they last without fading for a week.

Utility Curtains.

The durability of canvas curtains is undeniable. A useful idea is to choose a dark green shade and to have a border of buff—whereon a conventional design in colours can be introduced—to relieve the colour scheme. Dull blue, putty colour, and also brown are reliable units to choose for the curtains, as an alternative to green, and keep it by you for hungry moments. It is essential to note that margarine should on no account be substituted for butter. If this is done the shortbread will be a complete failure.

CLEANING GLOVES.

To run off to the cleaners every time one's gloves are dirty means time and expense. The following methods of home-cleaning will prove satisfactory:—

Light-Coloured Kid.—Lay the gloves out on to a clean towel, smoothing out the creases. Dip a piece of flannel into some skimmed milk, rub a little yellow soap on to it, and rub the gloves downward from the wrists, frequently rinsing the flannel. When the dirt is removed lay the gloves out on a clean towel, without rinsing them, and pull them into shape. They will dry soft and glossy.

Suede.—Put the gloves on the hands and apply Fuller's earth to them with a small brush; brush lightly until the dirt and powder are removed. For white suede, dry pipeclay should be substituted.

White Kid.—Wear the gloves, dip each hand into some cream of tartar, and rub one against the other. If they are very dirty dip a piece of flannel into benzine, let it nearly dry, then rub.

TRY THIS FOR TEA.

Scotch Shortbread.—You will need—4oz. flour, 4oz. butter, 2oz. ground rice, 2oz. soft white sugar. Rub the butter into the dry ingredients and knead all well together. Roll out in a thick cake, and bake in a steady oven till slightly coloured.

Almond Shortbread.—For this delicacy take 1lb. flour, 1lb. butter, 1lb. sugar, some sweet almonds and a little candied citron, chopped very fine. Soften the butter and work into it gradually the other ingredients. Form into cakes half an inch thick, and bake in a slow oven until a pale brown.

Economical Shortbread.—6oz. flour, 4oz. butter, 2oz. castor sugar. Knead all ingredients well together, and press firmly into a shallow ungreased tin. Bake in a moderate oven, and do not turn out of the tin until quite cold. Then cut it by you for hungry moments. It is essential to note that margarine should on no account be substituted for butter. If this is done the shortbread will be a complete failure.

Style No. 15 1/6.

Style No. 32 2/4.

Style No. 404 2/7 1/2



Kleinert's Millinery for Mermaids

We cannot here picture the charming colourings and 'chic' designs that have intrigued Paris, and captivated New York. Bright flowers and dainty ribbons add to the charm of the most becoming head-dresses that ever delighted lovely woman's eye. The charming colourings include Yellow, Purple, Green, Peach, White, Black, Blue and Red.



None genuine unless stamped

Kleinert's

Made entirely of pure Kleinert odourless rubber with the cosy feel of fine spun silk, these caps are impervious to sea water, and the colourings are fast. Every cap bearing the brand "Kleinert" is guaranteed. There are 125 designs—some plain for diving. See them all and choose your very own.

From 6d. to 16/11

POWDER PUFF POCKETS

Don't think they are just too smart and dainty to be useful. You NEED one if you carry powder. They hold it SAFELY—keep the puff clean and free from moisture, and prevent powder scattering throughout the bag. Like the Bathing Caps, they are made from silky, colourless Kleinert Rubber, in 24 dinky shapes and in the most charming series of beautiful art colours. There's a quality puff in each. Prices from 6d.



No. 124 Fancy Flat Case with Velour puff 1/-



No. 191 Fancy Case with Velour puff 1/3



No. 53 Fancy Case with drawstring and Velour puff 2/6

No. 510 (large illustration) Fancy Case with Velour puff 2/9

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(Makers of the famous "Gem" Dress Shields, Jiffy Baby Prints, Sanitary Accessories, etc., etc.)



Mr. CHERRY KEARTON, The World-Famous Naturalist and Big Game Hunter, writes: "Shortly my adventure film, 'Wild Life Across the World,' which my distributors claim to be the most remarkable film of wild animal life ever produced, will be seen in all the leading cinemas in the country, from which the public will appreciate the strength of nerve required to be in close contact with wild animals in their natural surroundings, together with the constant danger of tropical diseases always prevalent in countries where the thermometer is sometimes at 120 degrees in the shade. For many years Phosferine has always formed part of my kit, and I can testify with pleasure as to its nerve-giving and sustaining properties."

PHOSFERINE

The Greatest of all Tonics

The Easy Way to Health

Nerve Troubles—Neuralgia—Neuritis, whatever the form—can be effectively dispelled by taking a few drops of Phosferine night and morning. Phosferine fortifies the system against attack and successfully promotes a vigorous healthy state.

Liquid & Tablets. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.

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Rate 1s. per word (minimum 8s.); name and address must be sent. Trade advts. 1s. 6d. per word.

300,000 HALFCROWNS.—The Annual Appeal for Half-Crowns for food for the Largest Family in the World is being made by Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Their family numbers 7,303 children, of whom 1,328 are helpless babies and toddlers under five years of age. Will you help to feed the destitute little people of our land by sending them Half-Crowns? You kindly helped us to reach 115,000 by yesterday. Thank you! Please help us to reach 125,000 by to-morrow. Cheques, Orders, payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, addressed Dr. Barnardo's Homes (Dept. M.), 18-26, Stepney-canvasser, E.1.

SUPERFLUOUS hair permanently removed from face with electricity. Ladies only.—Miss Florence Wood, 29, Granville-garden, Shepherd's Bush, W.12, Min. Tube.

COPIES of photographs appearing in "The Daily Mirror" may be purchased by readers at the usual prices on application to the office.

GREY hairs.—Touch up the first ones with Tatcho-Tone: trial phial 8d.—Tatcho-Tone, 5, Great Queen-st. W.C.

MARKETING BY POST.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
EAT more good Fish. Send for parcel of our choice Hake, 3s. 6d. upwards, e.g. pd. List free. Special terms clubs, hotels, etc.—The Daily Mail Service, Millford Haven.
REAL Cornish Scalloped Crabs.—2lb. 6s. 6d., 11lb. 5s., 1lb. 3s. 3d., 3lb. 2s. 9d., 1lb. 2s.; cash with order.—The Penzance Creamery: Penzance, Cornwall. Estab. 1900.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ADVICE Free.—Mr. Wilson, Herbalist, 518, Manchester-rd. Bradford. Mention "Daily Mirror."
ECZEMA, Psoriasis, all Skin Diseases positively cured when everything else fails.—Write to J. G. Wilkinson, M.P.S. Chemist, 72, Draxton-rd., Harncliffe.
HOW to Stop Smoking.—Genuine remedy; booklet free.—H. Stanley Institute (D.M.), Racton-rd., London, S.W.6.



What do you do when you feel Weak—Depressed— Nervous—Run Down?

- ¶ There are some people who think "Oh! there's nothing much the matter with me. I shall probably feel better in a day or two."
- ¶ In thinking like that, they overlook the important fact that Weakness—Depression—Nervousness and that Run-down feeling are Nature's danger signals warning them that their health is undermined and is calling for assistance to recover lost vitality.
- ¶ The prudent thing to do is not to ignore these signals but to profit by them. And the way to profit by them is to take a short course of Wincarnis—just a bottle or two.
- ¶ You will be astonished—and delighted—to find how quickly Wincarnis will give you new strength—banish your depression—invigorate your nerves—and surcharge your whole system with new vitality. Because—



is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-builder, and a Nerve-invigorator—all in one.

¶ That is why over 10,000 Doctors recommend Wincarnis.

All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell it.



BOURNVILLE COCOA

For Economy

per 1/2 lb tin

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per 1 lb tin

4 lb-7½
1 lb-2¼

HOW TO MAKE DELICIOUS DRINKING CHOCOLATE WITH BOURNVILLE COCOA

For a large cup put into a saucepan a level dessert-spoonful of Cocoa and an equal amount of sugar (or more to taste) with half a cup of water. When **BOILING** add half a cup of cold milk. **BOIL** again for one minute. Whisk, and serve hot.

See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate

DC5

ARTICLES FOR DISPOSAL.

BARGAINS! Bargains! Bargains!—Huge collection of secondhand furniture antique and modern, removed from all parts of the world, to be sold for less than one half of original cost; 200 Jacobean and other bedroom-chairs, from 2s. 6d. to 10s.; 200 complete dining-room sets, comprising set 6 chairs sideboard and dining-table, from 16 guineas; 60 drawing-room chairs, comprising 2 easy-chairs and handsome china display cabinet, from 15 guineas; carpets of every description from 30s.; pianos from 14 guineas; pictures, vases, plates, etc.—Send for catalogue Curran's Furniture and Carpet Depositories, Ltd., 272, Pentonville-rd., King's Cross, N. (near King's Cross Station). Hours, 9 till 7, including Saturdays; goods stored free 12 months if desired or delivered to town or country free.

DISPENSE SALE.—Why pay shop prices? Newest D pattern in metal and wood; bedding, wire mattresses, etc.; furniture—bedroom and general; all goods sent direct from factory to home in perfectly new condition; illustrated price lists post free; cash or instalments; established 32 years.—Charles Riley, Desk 6, Moore's, Birmingham. Please mention "Daily Mirror."

CELEBRATE SALE.—A few super-sensitive Crystal Re-constructed Concerts, 15s. 6d. each, usual price 30s. Also Portable Gramophones, weighing only 7½lb., each, as usually sold at 65s.; sale price 35s., cash, pd. Money back if not satisfied.—Victoria Mfg. Co., 19 and 20, Fetter-lane, E.C.4.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

710.—Parents and Guardians.—The London Telegraph Training College, Ltd. (est. 26 years), Cable and Wireless Telegraphy; you'll find 16 upwards trained for these services and positions obtained; moderate fees.—Apply for prospectus, Dept. D.M. 262, Earl's Court-rd., S.W.5.
711.—Share Time into Money; sell Cutlery; huge profits; lists.—Smith's Emporium Co., Hornchurch.
72.—WEEKLY earned, easy housework, plan, no canvassing; details stamped envelope.—Don (D.M.), Darnley-rd., Sheffield.

PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

SQUEAK AND THE BEAUTIES.

Daily Mirror Office.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—
"Aren't they just lovely!" said Angeline yesterday, as she looked at the two pages of beautiful children in *The Daily Mirror*. "I'm sure I should never know which one to choose!"

Squeak waddled round—they were all in the kitchen—and looked at the pictures with her head on one side. "I wish," she said after a time, "they would hold a beauty competition for birds. I should like to enter for that."

Pip gave a little bark of disdain. "You!" he said. "You would never win a prize in a beauty show!"

"That is very rude of you to talk like that," said Angeline. "Squeak is really a very handsome bird and would be certain to win a prize."

She is a nice bird, and that is just as important as being beautiful."

"But there are such a lot of really beautiful birds," said Pip. "There are peacocks and eagles and birds of paradise and ostriches—"

"They are all rather proud and 'stuck-up,'" said Angeline. "No, I think that if Squeak were to enter a birds' beauty competition all the children would vote for her."

"I'm sure Wilfred would get first prize in a rabbit show," said Squeak. "Wouldn't you, darling?"

All Wilfred seemed to say was "Pah!" and then both he and Pip ran out in the garden to play.

I overheard this curious little conversation yesterday morning—I thought you might like to hear it, too.

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

THE SLEEPLESS TORTOISE.

And Birds Who Can Slumber on One Leg.

SOME of the letters about pets and their ailments, which I receive every week, make me wrinkle my brows. Often I am quite baffled and have to consult all sorts of people before I can answer the puzzling questions asked by my nephews and nieces.

The latest "teaser" comes from Edie Carson, of Bow, who says that her pet tortoise, Jonathan, suffers from insomnia (sleeplessness). "Dear Uncle," she writes, "I am so worried. Jonathan won't go to sleep. He walks about all night and all day. He is never at rest. Do you think he is ill?"

I have certainly never heard of a sleepless tortoise before, but I don't think I should be very worried about it. Perhaps Jonathan has something on his mind, which makes him pace restlessly up and down. Have you tried singing lullabies to him, Edie?

As a matter of fact, tortoises sleep all through the winter, so I don't think they need much rest in the summer.

All animals have different sleeping habits. Like a horse in the stable, a rhinoceros sometimes sleeps standing up, so does an elephant if it is in captivity. Some animals sleep for a great time, but Jumbo, strangely enough, only need a few hours' slumber, and he is always ready for hard work.

Every bird will go fast to sleep standing up. I wish bury their heads in the feathers between their shoulders, and puff themselves up so that they look like woolly balls.

Most amusing of all are flamingoes and cranes, which stand on one leg while they are in the land of Nod. It is a wonder they don't lose their balance and topple over in the water!

Bats, as everyone knows, hang by their feet upside down, and enjoy their "heavy sleep" in that peculiar position. They usually choose some dark cave, or a hole in a tree, so that no one is likely to wake them up before the right time. Many animals are very annoyed if they are awakened suddenly. A dog will generally growl, and sometimes bite; he hates to be worried while sleeping.

OTHER ANSWERS.

I mustn't forget my other nephews and nieces who want advice. Mimi, who lives in Holborn, which is quite near my office, is worried about her cat. She complains that nothing will stop it mewling, and it gets on everybody's nerves.

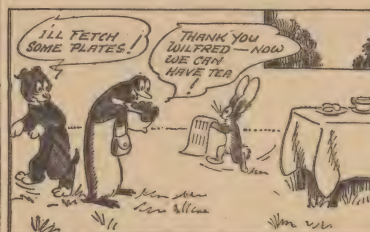
She is probably hungry or ill; when she is either fed or cured she will stop mewling.

Douglas Marsh, Woodford—Feed your tortoise on any greenstuff, fruit, rose-leaves, dandelions, etc., with a saucer of milk or water occasionally.
C. A. Robinson, Buckden—Your jackdaw will like grubs, worms, insects or bread and meat, with occasional acorns, beech-nuts and birdseed.

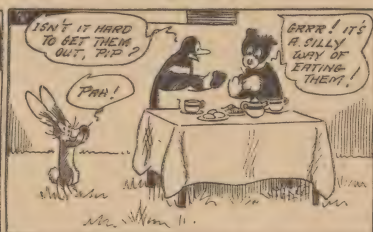
SQUEAK'S LITTLE TREAT: WINKLES FOR TEA!



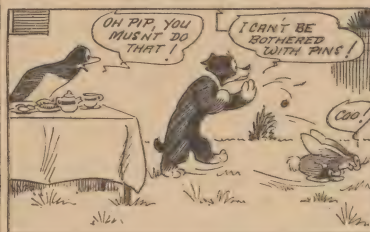
1. Squeak was very pleased with herself. She had bought some winkles for tea.



3. Wilfred brought a packet of pins, however, and tea was soon ready.



4. Eating the winkles proved a most delicate and difficult affair, and at last Pip—



5.—threw away his pin in disgust. Squeak was rather hurt.



6. At last the penguin decided to swallow them whole, while Pip had a bone for tea!

MOTHER!

Your Child Needs "California Syrup of Figs."



Even a cross, feverish, bilious, or constipated child loves the "fruity" taste of "California Syrup of Figs." A teaspoonful never fails to cleanse the liver and bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the sour bile and undigested food out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy. They know a teaspoonful to-day saves a sick child to-morrow. Ask your chemist for genuine "California Syrup of Figs" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Of all Chemists 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Mother! You must say "California," or you may get an imitation fig syrup.



Thick Lustrous Hair Kept So By Cuticura.

At night, touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with a cake of Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse with tepid water. Keep your scalp clean and healthy and your hair will be lustrous.

Keep 1s. Talcum 1s. 3d. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold throughout the Empire. British Depot, F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse St., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.



Cuthbert Cloud, new way to grow, and held his nose above the crowd. The result was, of course, obvious. His feet were shod with new Freetoze.

You cannot afford to take risks with your children's footwear. The shoes must anticipate the shape of the tiny growing foot, and only shoemakers who have years of experience behind them can make the right-shaped shoes for children. Freetoze are the result of this experience—the perfect shoes for the little feet.

You can buy them from our shops, or we guarantee you perfect satisfaction through the post. Write today for a free copy of the Freetoze Baby Rhymes for the Kiddies.

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11 to 1 8/11
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IS NOT ONLY THE BEST FOOD FOR BABIES,
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for Girls

These dainty Summer Frocks are made in

TOOTAL'S FANCY PIQUE

A fabric famous for its good washing and wearing qualities.

ORDER TO-DAY

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ASK FOR "SARA"

In White only. Lengths 30, 42, 46 and 47 ins. Post Orders in strict rotation.

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Free Remedy.

Many suffer from Nerve or Functional Heart Dis-
order, obtain, merely by writing for it, a
Supply of a remedy that has cured
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have more or less been
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good faith, as it seems
such a pity that men and
women should suffer un-
necessarily when there is
a remedy available which
can cure their ills. You
need this remedy if you
suffer from
Shortness of Breath, Dizzy Spells, Faintness,
Nausea, Pain in the Throat, Anemia, Nervousness,
Weak Power, Pains around the Heart or
Left Shoulder. Let us send you this
box of OXIGEN with information on
Nerves, and Testimonials from a few
thousands cured. Send no stamps. Pack-
ing in wrapper. THE GIANT OXIE CO.,
Dept. 618 W.H.L., Temple Chambers,
Avenue, London, E.C.4.

If you send your request by postcard or by
letter you may use this coupon, posting to the
address below. Please send me, without any cost to
me, Free Five Days' Supply of OXIGEN, as

PREPARATIONS are on sale at all
of Boots Cash Chemists, Tailors', White's,
and other leading Chemists, as well as
at most Stores.

HAVE YOU VOTED FOR YOUR BEAUTY?

Chance to Win £500 Prize
in "Daily Mirror" Contest.
GET TO-MORROW'S ISSUE.

"Whom are you voting for in *The Daily Mirror* £2,500 Beauty Competition?" That was the question asked and answered by many thousands of readers yesterday.

The task of selecting the Beauties of 1923 is not only fascinating in itself; there is a prize of £500 awaiting the reader who sends in the best forecast of the popular choice and the nearest estimate of the votes recorded for the three beauty prizewinners.

The voting and forecast coupon is again printed to-day, and it will continue to appear daily until next Monday, when the photographs of the senior entrants will be published.

From the photographs in yesterday's issue of *The Daily Mirror* readers should already have chosen the most beautiful entrant in the junior section and entered their choice (by number only) on the coupon.

They should now collect as many coupons as possible, in order to vary their estimate of the number of votes within the limits they regard as probable.

No coupons should be sent in yet. Readers must wait until all three sections of the photographs have appeared before completing their coupons.

Photographs of the "finalists" in Section II. (girls over five and under sixteen) will be published in the Second Beauty Number, to be published to-morrow. Readers will then be able to complete the middle section of the coupon.

Next Monday the Third Beauty Number will be issued, and the task of voting may then be finally completed.

In order to avoid disappointment, orders for the two remaining special Beauty Numbers should be placed with a newsagent to-day.

£2,500 BEAUTY COMPETITION VOTING AND FORECAST COUPON.

To the Manager, Beauty Competition Dept.,
The Daily Mirror, 4-7, Lombard-lane, E.C.4.

Please register my votes for the three entrants indicated below as the "Beauties of 1923." This selection, together with the estimate of the votes, is also my forecast of your readers' verdict.

Section	Winner	Estimate of Votes
III. No. 21-30		
II. Nos. 11-20		
I. Nos. 1-10		

Indicate the photographs you select by number only. One selection must be made for each section, otherwise the coupon is invalid. You must also give your estimate of the number of votes that will be recorded for each of your selected entrants.

I enter this competition upon and subject to the conditions published in *The Daily Mirror*, and agree to abide by such conditions and to accept the decision of the Editor upon all matters and questions which may arise in connection with this competition as final and conclusive and absolutely and legally binding upon me.

NAME

ADDRESS

You may send in as many coupons as you wish, but they must reach "The Daily Mirror" not later than the last post on Friday, June 22, 1923.

TO-DAY'S BROADCASTING

LONDON (369 metres).—11.30, Miss Cora Percy (soprano); 1.50, women's talk; 6 children's stories; 7.15, Professor A. J. Ireland, on "Cesar"; orchestra; Miss Nellie Beare (soprano); 8.30, Signor Silvio Sidoli (baritone); orchestra; 9.15, Bart Kennedy, "A Tramp's Philosophy"; orchestra; Miss Nellie Beare; orchestra; Signor Silvio Sidoli; 10.15, men's talk; orchestra; Miss Amy Phillips (contralto); orchestra.

CARDIFF (353 metres).—5.30, Women's talk; 6 children's stories; 7.10, Mr. Maurice Diamond (bass-baritone); 7.20, Mr. Walter Gill (cornet solo); 7.30, Mr. Sydney Evans (humorist); 7.40, orchestra; 7.55, news; 8.30, orchestra; 8.45, Mr. Everyman, "Looks at the World"; 8.55, Mr. Maurice Diamond (soprano); 9.15, Mr. Sydney Evans; 9.25, Mr. Walter Gill; 9.35, men's talk; 9.45, orchestra.

BIRMINGHAM (420 metres).—3.30, Orchestra trio; 5.30, women's corner; 6 children's stories; 7.30, orchestra; 8.15, news; 8.45, Mr. Jesse Hackett (tenor); 9.15, E. Ray, talk on "Ingredients of a Good Holiday"; 9.15, Miss Gertrude Poole (soprano); 9.30, Mr. Herbert Aldridge (recitals); 9.45, Mr. Dinragadada, talk, "Nation Building"; 10.15, men's corner; 10.10, orchestra; 10.30, news.

PICKPOCKET'S WIFE HELPED.

After giving evidence which led to a professional pickpocket being sent to prison for eighteen months, Inspector Gillan, at the Old Bailey yesterday, took a collection for the prisoner's wife, "a most respectable woman."

PIT SHAFT MYSTERY

Man Charged with Murder of
Woman and Children.

INQUEST THRILLS.

A verdict of Wilful murder was brought against Albert Edward Burrows, sixty-two, in respect of Hannah Calladine, a woman, and Elsie Large and Albert Edward Burrows, two children, on whose remains an inquest was held yesterday at Glossop.

The bodies were alleged to have been discovered, after a month's search, in the Simmondley pit-shaft, Glossop.

Sensational evidence was given yesterday when Robert Mellor stated that Burrows, when in custody with Mellor's brother, said:—

"When I have done my time I will get this woman. I will either do her in or put her down a pit-shaft."

The utmost precaution was taken to guard Burrows when he arrived at Glossop yesterday from Manchester to be present at the inquest.

The crowd made a wild rush for the car in which Burrows was in, and there was vigorous hooting.

Mrs. Margaret Ann Street stated that on the day of court proceedings against Burrows by his wife she saw Burrows at about 6.30 in the morning going down a lane which leads to Simmondley, holding by the hand a little girl.

About 9.30 she saw Burrows coming back alone. Four or five days afterwards Burrows saw her and said: "Nan's got a good shop in Bacon-place with a relative of mine. We've got the children in a good home."

When Robert Mellor gave his remarkable evidence regarding Burrows' statement, Burrows, jumping up, said:—

"I want a private conversation with the Chief Constable and Inspector Chadwick."

At once a hush fell on the court. Burrows added: "Take notice of every word that man has said." Mellor (heatedly): It is all true.

Burrows: That man Mellor tells nothing but lies. It is a wonder he does not drop down dead. He was never there at all.

Immediately after the inquest Burrows was brought up at the police court, charged with the crime and remanded.

PETS AT CARNIVAL.

Pip, Squeak and Wilfred at To-day's
Opening of Brighton Re-ve's.

To-day King Carnival enters Brighton to open the four days' festivities.

Pip, Squeak and Wilfred, *The Daily Mirror* Pets, are taking part in the revelry. This morning at eleven o'clock they will appear on the front, west of the West pier.

At two o'clock the Pets will attend a matinee to 3,000 of Brighton's poorest children, at the Grand Theatre, where a special programme has been arranged.

To-morrow the Pets will take part in the procession in their decorated car.

MYSTERY OF "JANE."

Miss E. Sitwell's Lurid Light on
Domestic Servant Problem!

Jane, Jane,
Tall as a crane,
The morning light creeps down again.

This fragment by Edith Sitwell was shouted through a Sengerphone (a wooden megaphone) by the authorities at the Belgian Hall yesterday afternoon, to the accompaniment of an orchestra composed of a flute, a clarinet, a saxophone, a trumpet, a 'cello and percussion instruments.

The orchestra was hidden, and the authoress recited her poems through the Sengerphone, which projected through a hole in a screen.

Through this atmospheric disturbance the strident voice of Miss Sitwell boomed out her incomprehensible masterpieces about

Old Sir Paul,
Tall as a stork—

and—
The nursery-maid Meg
With a leg like a peg,

and a pretty little poem entitled "Trio of Two Cats and a Trombone."

Thanks to the efforts of the orchestra Miss Sitwell's words were completely obliterated.

Yet the loyal audience from Chelsea loudly applauded.

There is no doubt that the afternoon would have passed off very pleasantly if Miss Sitwell's brother had not announced through another Sengerphone that his sister was about to recite a poem called "Ass Face."

There was a perceptible stir among the high-browes as soon as this pronouncement was made, and several made a hurried exit.

A *Daily Mirror* representative was informed that the poem about "Jane as tall as a crane" refers to a domestic servant who has just got up to get the breakfast.

It is these little human touches which have made Miss Sitwell's work so popular.

KILLED BY CRICKET ROLLER.

After moving with other boys a two-tons roller from the cricket pitch, a thirteen-year-old Sheffield boy named Joe Burton was killed yesterday on Shiregreen cricket ground, Sheffield.

While taking the roller down a slope in the ground Burton fell under the roller and was crushed to death.

Don't just say 'Honey' to your grocer. Say 'Imperial Bee' Honey and get the best. It costs you less! Sold by most Chemists and Grocers.



If your dealer does not stock it write to A. J. Mills & Co., Ltd., 14, Tooley St., London, S.E.1

Stop Laxatives Which Only Aggravate Constipation.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe.

When you are constipated there is an insufficient quantity of lubricant produced by your system to keep the food waste soft. Doctors prescribe Nujol because its action so closely resembles that of this natural lubricant.

Your chemist has it. Try it to-day



A DOCTOR'S WAY WITH INDIGESTION.

The wife of a well-known London physician became a sufferer from digestive disorder, and, naturally enough, she asked her husband for a remedy. The doctor made her up some medicine of the kind usually given to mild cases, but it failed, so, without more ado, he prescribed Bismarck Magnesia, and the results were astonishing, even to the medical man. From the first dose all traces of discomfort vanished, and the one-time sufferer could eat anything she fancied with relish and minus any fear of after-effects. More than that, her complexion improved wonderfully, together with her general health, and, as may be surmised, the doctor is now one of the army of enthusiastic medical men who praise Bismarck Magnesia and recommend it in cases of stomach trouble. This preparation is readily obtainable at any chemist's, and any reader who is in need of a real remedy for indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis or other such troubles should invest 1s. 3d. in a package without delay.—(Advt.)

NO MORE GREY HAIR



At the first sign of a grey hair, just stop and imagine how old you will look when those grey hairs multiply. Take immediate action—restore the natural colour with VALENTINE'S EXTRACT, and you will look many years younger. It is a lasting stain which does not show, will not wash out and is harmless. Black or any shade of brown quickly secured.

Of chemists 1/6, 2/6 and 6/- or post free, scotchly packed, from L. P. Valentine, 46A, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

THE LITTLE LADY

By ERIC
MAXWELL



"Might one ask what you are doing in the gay city all alone? You haven't quite got the air of a cosmopolitan."

HOW THE STORY BEGAN.

IN Carnival-street, London, W., is—or was for it has passed into other hands now—the flower shop known as *Flourette et Cie*, tenanted by Barbara Crane, the orphan daughter of a lieutenant-colonel who had died during the war.

Barbara is aided in her business by Alec, a snub-nosed, freckled boy, and she cherishes the friendship of Peter Cowdry, nephew of Lady Farnister, into whose set Barbara foolishly allowed herself to be drawn before choosing the way of independence. It was during that period of irresponsibility that Barbara met Maurice van Rekken, a wealthy worldly man, who endeavoured to force his love upon her. The memory of that experience has always sent a shudder through the Little Lady since. Still, Van Rekken is believed to have died abroad some three years ago, and Barbara is quite happy in her flourishing business and in Peter's comradeship. He has twice proposed, but the Little Lady has gently refused him.

One night when Peter is supping with her, Maurice van Rekken returns unexpectedly—back from the dead! He greets Barbara familiarly, and Peter, assuming he is not wanted, leaves. Later she meets Peter while on a shopping expedition and he practically cuts her.

In a basket of flowers received from a flower farm in the South of France, Barbara comes upon a letter written by the proprietor, an Englishman. He is desperately lonely and, after another humiliating scene with Van Rekken, she conceives the plan of going out to join him, hoping thereby to comfort him and to forget some of her painful memories. She makes her arrangements and departs without seeing Peter.

THE CITY OF LAUGHTER.

PARIS that spring, as indeed at all spring-tides, was a City of Laughter.

The Little Lady had never before in her short life seen so many people smiling for no reason. They smiled as they bought tar-scented newspapers at kiosks, they smiled as they sat placidly about their drinking, and should a taxi man killing them by an inch, would smile politely at the disappearing car and its furious driver.

The Little Lady, who, during all the difficult business of Customs, breakfast and entrainment, had never once managed to smile, was astonished at the assiduous merriment of these Parisians.

And what shops! The Little Lady, who had found her way from St. Lazare to the Rue Royale, could hardly keep her eyes from those wondrous jewellers' windows which flashed gems of every hue.

Then the Rue de la Paix! The scent shops and the modistes! The flower shops, which recalled *Flourette et Cie*, though these richer sisters, genuinely French, outshone the inexpensive glories of anemone and daffodil.

The Little Lady would gladly have purchased a hundred novelties had she not been so shy of practising her French. Since she could buy nothing, she simply stared her way through the Faubourg St. Honoré and by devious routes on to the boulevards, where the sight of ten thousand people drinking made her thirsty.

She selected a café which bore the legend "English spoken," and was diffident about speaking English. A kindly waiter solved all difficulties by asking with a Cockney accent:

"What will madame 'ave ter drink?"

"How did you know I was English?" she asked, frightened at this uncanny piece of knowledge.

"By madame's hat," he replied, flicking imaginary dust from the table.

"When he had disappeared, to bring her a lemon squash, she glanced shyly at a mirror. The old suede hat did certainly look shabby, far shabbier than in the kindly light of London. Here, in this outlandish place, it had hardly a fair chance, for the Little Lady noticed almost enviously how each slender midnettle, with a striped hat-box over her arm, wore a very reasonable but a little foppish or furbish of roguish colouring. Their stockings, too, were transparent and pretty—but, so the Little Lady had been told, they, poor dears, spent all their hard-earned wages upon outward show. Definitely the sort of thing most open to Janet Atwood's disapproval.

The lemon squash was brought, upon a plate.

(All the characters in this story are fictitious. Translation, dramatic and all other rights reserved.)

marked "25. 50c." which seemed to the Little Lady's practical mind a very convenient way of indicating the price.

Slowly drawing her drink through a straw, she looked round at the throng of strangely assorted people which ebbed and flowed past the privet hedge of the café, a marvellous privet bed grown utterly in a green wooden box.

She felt lonely, for here every woman was very much escorted by a cavalier. Peter had often suggested an Easterlike visit to Paris, which somehow had never materialised.

So, intently, and her longings become that the Little Lady at last tried staring into the eyes of the passers-by in search of some friendly gleam. But she stopped this when a fat man in a black, pinched-in hat, caught her wandering glance and made a move towards her table.

"Lovely day," said the waiter. "Isn't it?" she agreed—and it was.

"Perhaps madame awaits a gentleman?" "Madame does not," she assured him, feeling where the letter lay hidden in the front of her dress. "At least not yet. My gentleman is far away."

"Oh!" he exclaimed in polite uninterested surprise.

"Do you know Les Cypres?" she asked, pronouncing the name with care.

"I was born at Nice, madame."

"But you have not lately been in that part?"

"Not for twenty years, madame."

She remembered that the Villa Isadore had only been such for twelve years, and did not inquire for Champion. A nasal cry of "Simon!" drew the waiter from her side.

The Little Lady sat on in her chair, dreaming jolly dreams about Paris and the people of its sunlit boulevards.

She had just imagined a tall, handsome man who would walk arm-in-arm with her about the city of laughter, when a hand touched her shoulder and a confident American voice asked:

"Did I hear you speak English?"

He was a freckled young man with fair hair and a sudden, brilliant smile, who stood twirling a chair and gazing at her from the height of over six feet.

"I heard a lot of people talk American," she smiled, attracted by the candour of his eyes.

"There are one or two of us over here," he said, moving to sit down opposite her. "They say that all good Americans, when they die, go to Paris. Are you alone in this bright town?"

She nodded a vigorous affirmative and finished her lemon squash. He watched her in admiration.

"We might take lunch right here," he suggested.

"We might," she agreed.

"Good for you," he applauded. "Most English girls would have turned from me in horror. Your country goes up in my estimation."

"You aren't horrible."

"Now that's a real compliment." He was laughing at her, but she didn't mind. She had noticed that now he was seated at her table the passers-by did not stare so arrogantly at her. "Might one ask what you are doing in the gay city all alone? You haven't quite got the air of a cosmopolitan."

THE GOOD COMRADE.

HE asked so kindly, with no trace of curiosity, that she glanced shyly at him.

"I'm on my way to Les Cypres, Mr. American."

"Are you an aristocrat in disguise?" "Why, no," she smiled. "What makes you ask that?"

"This is the time of year when the real old English aristocracy migrates to the Côte d'Azur."

She hesitated, and then, greatly daring, said:

"I'm going out—to a man."

"Fiance, I guess," he put in.

She nodded, a little disappointed by the question.

"What does he do? Play polo?"

"Heavens, no! He owns a flower farm."

They both laughed at that, though the Little Lady could see nothing funny in it. Perhaps she was too troubled by the network of falsehoods in which she was becoming involved.

Honest by upbringing, she rather hated herself for these flights of imagination, which no trace of lies, but in the springtime atmosphere it was impossible to own to possessing nobody.

She therefore possessed the unknown Mr. Champion, and showed off his good points to the American.

"I'm on a post-graduate course at the Sorbonne," he explained, after ordering a prodigious déjeuner and a champagne cocktail, which made the Little Lady's head swim deliciously.

"Of course," she said, vaguely ignorant of the meaning of "post-graduate." It sounded rather like a job in the Post Office, but she was too polite to inquire further.

"I guess your fiancée'll be real glad to see you after the long trip."

"I hope so," she replied, wondering whether

Champion would not instantly expel her from his charmed neighbourhood.

"He'd be a poor cink if he didn't."

"They ate, slowly and conversationally—eufs à la Russe, with strange dark caviare; veal adorned with anchovies and olives—decorations which entitled it to the rank of *à la something*; a coffee ice, somehow different from the ices of London—a smooth, soft ice, easy to eat and not very cold."

"They are good on food," said the American.

"During the last two years I have been in fifteen countries of Europe, and not one of them was in the same street as France where food was concerned. You must live in France with your husband and give him good food with a decent glass of wine. By the way, when are you to be married? I'll send you a dozen of Burgundy to celebrate our chance meeting—and this fine March afternoon."

She hesitated at this, but managed at length to tell him that her marriage had been fixed for the autumn. My sainted aunt, she thought, what has come over Barbara?

He nodded mysteriously as if he understood her hesitation before so sweet a subject, and paid a bill which seemed to her enormous. She dived into her bag and rummaged for notes.

"Please don't!" he insisted. "It was kind of you to lunch with me. Otherwise I should have been very lonely."

The subject dismissed, he suggested they take a carriage and drive about the city. Her train would not leave till half-past eight. That would give them time to drive in the Bois and have tea at the Pavillon des Deux Lacs.

A yellow façade was found, drawn by an old white horse and driven by a man so fat that it seemed only some Divine Providence kept him perched on the narrow "box." His whip was adorned with a bow of yellow ribbon, and he wore a daffodil in the buttonhole of his green driver's coat.

They clattered into Passy in fine style, Passy where the chestnut trees were pushing forth feathery greenery, where the flower shops were small and insignificant like the lovely shop in Carnival-street. Against the cloudless blue of the sky the Tour Eiffel and the Big Wheel showed like great uncouth beasts, first cousins to that other unhappy mammoth, the Trocadero.

The Bois was green and fresh, noisy with the laughter of children playing weird, irregular football, the turf littered with paper bags and lovers answering the call of spring.

The Little Lady was careful to steer the conversation away from her supposed "fiance."

Otherwise she found it easy to talk to this big, boyish American, whose coat had so high a

waist and who spoke French with a poor but confident accent. She didn't much mind when his hand touched hers, nor when they sat hands together on the slippery seat, for it was the hand-clasp of children.

At the Pavillon tea-rooms they lingered in an enclosure and took a meal curiously composed of orangeade and little cream sandwiches. Through the trees came the sound of oars from the lake and the clip-clop of horses' hoofs as obese officers in sky-blue uniforms clattered past about their daily constitutional.

The American laughed. "You must eat some more, or you'll lose that pretty colour."

The Little Lady blushed to the eyes.

"We seem to have been eating for hours and hours," she said.

"In Wonderland." Always a fresh plate and a fresh cup."

"At least we have moved to another table," he apologised. "If you go to sleep I shall put your head in the teapot, Miss Dormouse."

I strongly advise another sandwich. It's hungry work being in another country."

In the evening they drove back along the river bank, past the Quai d'Orsay, across Alexander's Bridge, to the Place de la Concorde, up the Elysée, down the Boulevard Hausmann, and so to the station, where the American most efficiently arranged everything for her.

They found the Little Lady's seat in a carriage labelled "San Remo," and registered her trunk to Les Cypres. He was careful to provide her with a pillow and a rug and an armful of periodicals. He also handed her a packet of pepsi and a gardenia.

"Mr. American," she said, "you're a kind of universal provider."

"You have been the provider," he announced gravely. "You provided delightful company on a spring day, when no one should be alone."

Hissing and hooting announced the imminent departure of the rapide.

"I never asked your name," she called to him from the carriage window.

"Don't ask now," he implored. "And I won't ask to know yours. You'll just be the Little Lady of the Spring. We held hands, didn't we?"

"Yes, if we ever met again—" she began as the train moved away from him.

"If, if, if," he cried.

She watched him until they drew away from the scattered lights of the platform. There was something gallant and pathetic about his figure, like that of Alec the night before—something left behind.

Another long instalment of this splendid story will appear to-morrow.



Beauty Depends on Sparkling Teeth

Perfect teeth, gleaming bright, are the essential factor of facial beauty. They focus attention and admiration before any other feature. They constitute the charm of the smile. The secret of their impelling brilliancy

lies in the soft, pearly colouring and formation of the enamel which, being divided into main and secondary planes, is subdivided into countless tiny waves and facets, visible only through a powerful magnifying glass.

The hard, bright surface of these lovely facets radiates the light in all directions, thus producing the captivating sparkle and bloom, the sense of vivacity and joyousness which characterises perfect teeth. Beautiful in itself, this exquisite crystalline surface protects the teeth.

Once lost it can never be regained. To

preserve the light facets, and thereby ensure a lifetime of perfect, beautiful teeth, use Gibbs Dentifrice twice a day.

Gibbs Dentifrice cleans and polishes without risk of harm to the facets of the enamel; dissolves all greasy food deposits; penetrates every tiny interstice and crevice of the teeth and neutralises the acids formed by fermenting food-debris.

Thus Gibbs Dentifrice heightens the glistening beauty of the teeth and keeps the mouth sweet and wholesome. Leading British Dental Authority endorse this fact.

Gibbs Dentifrice

"THE FORTRESS OF IVORY CASTLES"

(Sequel to "Ivory Castle Fairy Book") FREE!

Send for a copy of Gibbs' NEW BOOK, "THE FORTRESS OF IVORY CASTLES"—an enthralling fairy story. The children will revel in the 36 beautifully illustrated pages, and in the adventures of Peter and Pearl and all the quaint, and wonderful characters. With the "Fortress of Ivory Castles Fairy Book" is sent a useful size sample of Gibbs Dentifrice. Simply write your name and address clearly on a sheet of paper, enclose 3d. in stamps for packing and postage, and post to—

D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd. (Invt. 2D), Cold Cream Works, London, E.C.1.

Murrell, thirsting for revenge after being snapped up by Oldroyd for two, secured the dismissal of Sutcliffe when the Yorkshireman appeared to have gained complete mastery over the Middlesex bowling.

SUTcliffe HITS OUT.

Great Win by Yorkshire-Geary Triumphs at Portsmouth.

SURREY DRAW.

The third day of the Middlesex v. Yorkshire match produced some exhilarating cricket at Lord's.

Sutcliffe was in fine form. He hit Leo for 9 in one over, and for two boundaries in another. In attempting to pull a delivery from Durston he split his bat, and when a new one was furnished he continued his merry hitting, hitting the individual 50 with a six off Leo. At 119 Sutcliffe just touched a delivery from Hearne, and Murrell brought off a catch, which ended a good innings of 66.

Holmes also had a brilliant innings and got most of his runs with splendid strokes behind the wicket. Yorkshire gained a great victory by six wickets.

Nottingham and Yorkshire are now level at 100 in the championship table, with a percentage of 75.55 each; Sussex follow with 75 per cent., Lancashire 72.50 per cent., Surrey 61.50 per cent., and Kent 57.14 per cent.

VICTORY FOR LEICESTER.

Hampshire found it too heavy a task to get the two hundred odd runs they required to beat Leicester. Geary was bowling at the top of his form, and during the early play yesterday took five wickets for 18 runs, his final analysis being for 46. This in all he took 12 wickets for 67, and as he batted splendidly he crisis in the first innings, the match was indeed a triumph for him.

Kent beat Northants easily, with 8 wickets in hand. The visitors dismissed Northants the second time for 217, Wright taking 5 for 39. Requiring 31 to win, Kent secured this number for the loss of the wickets of Gifford and Caines.

Thanks to their best lead of 184 on the first innings, and to good bowling and fielding, Warwickshire beat Gloucestershire by 10 wickets. The match made 99, and then had the misfortune to be caught off his glove.

CRICKET COUNCIL BOARD.

MIDDLESEX v. YORKSHIRE-At Lord's.
Middlesex—First Innings: 289. Second Innings: 102; Yorkshire—First Innings: 168. Second Innings: 226 for 46. Result: Yorkshire won by 6 wickets.

LANSHIRE v. SURREY-At Manchester.
Surrey—First Innings: 121. Second Innings: 323 for 7 (lost). Middlesex—First Innings: 100. Second Innings: 117 for 5. Result: Surrey won by 6 wickets.

GLAMORGAN v. DERBYSHIRE-At Cardiff.
Derbyshire—First Innings: 168. Second Innings: 102; Glamorgan—First Innings: 168. Second Innings: 102. Result: Derbyshire won by 6 wickets.

WARWICK v. GLOUCESTER-At Birmingham.
Gloucestershire—First Innings: 262. Second Innings: 257; Warwick—First Innings: 262. Second Innings: 257. Result: Warwick won by 6 wickets.

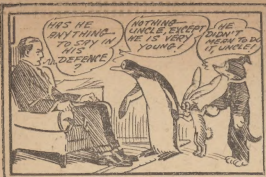
LANSHIRE v. LEICESTER-At Portsmouth.
Leicestershire—First Innings: 177. Second Innings: 180; Lancashire—First Innings: 149. Second Innings: 149. Result: Leicestershire won by 6 wickets.

NORTHANTS v. KENT-At Northampton.
Kent—First Innings: 367. Second Innings: 31 for 1 (lost). Northants—First Innings: 180. Second Innings: 217. Result: Kent won by 6 wickets.

ESSEX v. WEST INDIES-At Ilford.
Essex—First Innings: 255. Second Innings: 225; West Indies—First Innings: 255. Second Innings: 225. Result: Essex won by 6 wickets.

BIRMINGHAM RESULTS.
2.0-TAMWORTH (S) PLATE. 1m-POLYDEUSES (2-1). 2m-DONNA (2-1). 3m-SOLDIER (2-1). 4m-ROCK (2-1). 5m-ROCK (2-1). 6m-ROCK (2-1). 7m-ROCK (2-1). 8m-ROCK (2-1). 9m-ROCK (2-1). 10m-ROCK (2-1). 11m-ROCK (2-1). 12m-ROCK (2-1). 13m-ROCK (2-1). 14m-ROCK (2-1). 15m-ROCK (2-1). 16m-ROCK (2-1). 17m-ROCK (2-1). 18m-ROCK (2-1). 19m-ROCK (2-1). 20m-ROCK (2-1). 21m-ROCK (2-1). 22m-ROCK (2-1). 23m-ROCK (2-1). 24m-ROCK (2-1). 25m-ROCK (2-1). 26m-ROCK (2-1). 27m-ROCK (2-1). 28m-ROCK (2-1). 29m-ROCK (2-1). 30m-ROCK (2-1). 31m-ROCK (2-1). 32m-ROCK (2-1). 33m-ROCK (2-1). 34m-ROCK (2-1). 35m-ROCK (2-1). 36m-ROCK (2-1). 37m-ROCK (2-1). 38m-ROCK (2-1). 39m-ROCK (2-1). 40m-ROCK (2-1). 41m-ROCK (2-1). 42m-ROCK (2-1). 43m-ROCK (2-1). 44m-ROCK (2-1). 45m-ROCK (2-1). 46m-ROCK (2-1). 47m-ROCK (2-1). 48m-ROCK (2-1). 49m-ROCK (2-1). 50m-ROCK (2-1). 51m-ROCK (2-1). 52m-ROCK (2-1). 53m-ROCK (2-1). 54m-ROCK (2-1). 55m-ROCK (2-1). 56m-ROCK (2-1). 57m-ROCK (2-1). 58m-ROCK (2-1). 59m-ROCK (2-1). 60m-ROCK (2-1). 61m-ROCK (2-1). 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Winkles for Tea: See the pets on page 15.



Another amusing "adventure" of—



—Pip, Squeak and Wilfred on page 15.

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

ART STUDENTS' CONTRIBUTION TO SUCCESS OF TO-DAY'S CARNIVAL AT BRIGHTON



The Spirit of Carnival personified by Miss Muriel Sutherland.



Girl students completing decorative effects which are to be used in the procession to-day.



Fair features concealed by strange and wonderful masks.



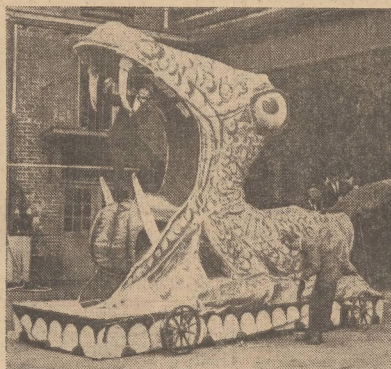
A bewhiskered gentleman arranging a fellow-reveller's beard.



A spring chicken weary of waiting for the summer.



A very bold knight, mounted on a hobby horse, tilts at a smiling giant—who continues to smile.



With gently smiling jaws—a pet dragon receiving finishing touches for to-day's pageant.



Adjusting the headpiece of one of the Carnival grotesques.

A lion's share of the preparation for the Carnival which begins at Brighton to-day has been successfully undertaken by students of the Brighton School of Art.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)